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Embellished with,

I. *A highly-finished Engraving of* Woful, *the Property of the Duke of Grafton.*
II. Dead Run Hare and Beagles in a Ditch, an *Etching.*

DUKE OF GRAFTON'S WOFUL, BY WAXY;

Engraved by Scott, *from a Painting by* Cooper.

IT has been customary with us, whenever giving the portrait of a celebrated horse, to accompany it with an account of his pedigree and performances; we are prevented by accident, from following our usual course on the present occasion, but in the next Number, we hope to make good the deficiency.

ON THE LATE *SUPPOSED* CROSSES IN THE NORTH—IRISH OR ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IT has given me the sincerest satisfaction, to find the *Sporting Magazine* duly and truly supporting its original reputation, as guardian of the morality and honour of the Sporting World. As a reader from its first establishment, and well versed in its principles throughout the whole library of its back volumes, such I can safely vouch to be its respectable and useful character. To come to particulars, as it behoves every man who desires to establish a fact.—You have boldly and constantly reported and exposed all known deviations from sporting rectitude, whether they consisted of turf or pugilistic crosses—poaching in the field—arbitrary and vexatious extensions of the game laws, or in inhuman and unfair treatment of animals—thereby furnishing your numerous readers with a system of sporting morality,

morality, and enabling them to discriminate between the fair and honourable sportsman, who squares his conduct by the rule of right and wrong, and who is thence incapable of taking any mean and infamous advantage, and the black leg, *escroc* or sharper, whose object is not sport, but mere pecuniary advantage, obtained by any means, however base or dishonourable, provided it escape detection—between the MAN, who has the tenderest possible consideration for the feelings of those animals which are the objects of his sport, and the brutal and ignorant blackguard, whose unnatural desires can only be gratified by the outrage of those feelings, in every possible and horrible way. And that which enhances the merit of your Miscellany, Sir, you have thus acted, without anointing and beslabbering the souls of us, your gentle readers, with any of the unction of methodistic cant, or threatening their bodies with the correction or excommunication of the Vice Society. You have given us both sides of the question, and allowed even a scoundrel to clear himself and set up for an honest man, if perchance he may have been accused of one infamy too many. And you have, with a sound sporting discretion, allowed us those legitimate *pulls*, which are the right and the privilege of well-trained experience and superior sagacity.

So much by way of preface to the remarks I am about to make, on certain racing transactions of the last season, in the North. In this ticklish affair, you have acted commendably, and with your usual precaution, by declining any step until you could lay hold on something tangible, for the information of your readers; now nothing can be more tangible, particularly in the present stage of the business, than letters with the real names of the parties immediately concerned, containing facts, opinions, and public resolutions. These will doubtless elicit fresh materials, enabling you to furnish your friends with the requisite information to form a final judgment.

With respect to my own opinion, of mighty little consequence indeed, I give it freely, as an old Turf Correspondent, and which is the common privilege of all who communicate with your Magazine. Of the parties implicated, I have no knowledge beyond that of common report, nor had I a single guinea upon the St. Leger Stakes. It was impossible, however, to shut one's ears to reports which were flying about, and which were necessarily as current at Newmarket and at Tattersall's, as either at Doncaster, Hambledon, or Durham. Several things were pointed at, and that very broadly, which were not deemed so much upon the square as they ought to be, but the sudden lameness of Belville, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all the rest. I mentioned the subject to a very distinguished Member of the Jockey Club, whose general information in Turf matters, and in what is going forward upon the turf, is second to that of no other man in the kingdom. He gave me to understand, that *it was extremely probable some tricks had been played, remarking, that such must always be expected from certain characters, and that detection was extremely difficult.* This is precisely the light, in which every experienced man will view the affair, and consequently, the only redress in Mr. Wilson's power, lies in an action at law. His witnesses will then

come

come forward, and prove, if they are really able so to do, that Belville was actually and *bona fide* lame. Granting that Mr. Wilson made the specific request at the York August Meeting, which we find stated in Mr. Baker's letter, the subsequent refusal of Mr. Wilson, to permit Mr. Baker to see the horse, must certainly requires farther explanation than has been hitherto published. I have no hesitation in acknowledging that appearances are ever deceitful and fallible, and nothing is here said with the partial view of criminating Mr. Wilson, but merely from the motive of stimulating him to exonerate himself. Nothing can be more probable than a horse receiving an accident in a sweat; equally so, that he may be overdone in that exercise, and his sinews injured to such degree, that, instead of being properly prepared for a race, he shall break down the first time of starting. I have seen too many such instances, although I do not believe they occur so often at present, as in former days. Mr. Wilson must have heard, in the course of his acquaintance with racing, of the various unfair, as well as cruel tricks, which have been played off by gentlemen of the leg—such for example, as purposed improper training, doses of laudanum, artificial lameness, and the like—and in such cases, what can gentlemen and men of honour do, in consequence of what they deem satisfactory proofs, but take the most decisive steps? Certainly one of the most decisive is, for those gentlemen who subscribe to races, to prohibit the starting of any horse, the property of a person or persons, lying under a general suspicion, until such persons shall have satisfactorily proved their innocence, and that degree of honour, which ought to be a necessary qualification for associating in a race, with gentlemen. It is a matter for the cognizance of the Jockey Club, and *en dernier resort*, as I have already reminded Mr. Wilson, for the Courts of Law. With respect to the immediate conduct of the Stewards of Durham Races, they have acted strictly according to precedent, although I do not, at this moment, recollect a later, than that quoted last month, by the York Herald, in 1769, which I can remember. Still I believe there are later instances; at any rate, the present at Durham, under all the circumstances of the case, will not fail of general approbation. I have the honour to be, Sir, &c. &c.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

MR. EDITOR,

I have just been so studiously employed in pondering over your Magazine of last month, that I have nearly set the kettle to boil over upon my foot; the dog has caught it, and his alarm in all probability has saved me. I perceive with some regret, that you have got the trumpery of the newspapers relative to *Belville* and Mr. *Baker*, shouldered into the Magazine, and as it is not on a plan sufficiently explanatory to exculpate the imputed and implicated, indeed *materially injured*, the innocent, fair, and honourable character of Mr. Wilson, the sole proprietor of the celebrated horse *Belville*, I shall beg leave, with your approbation, to offer a few remarks, and endeavour, if possible to the satisfaction of every liberal minded sportman who reads your extensively circulated Magazine, for I have met with it in various, different, and very opposite

 parts

parts of the kingdom, to clear up the point, and by that means remove not only the *odious* and truly *illiberal* insinuations of the Stewards of the Durham Races for the present year; viz—Geo. Baker, Esq. and R. E. D. Shaftoe, Esq. from the character of my friend, but restore him, I cannot *help smiling*, if restoration is necessary, to public confidence—but before I start, I shall rub a little spirit of turpentine upon the dog, poor fellow, and have my tea.

Now, Sir, I have finished my repast, and have put away my crockery. I have dressed my favourite companion, who is not much worse, and I have put to the window, lighted my candle, and stirred the fire, so that I have nothing to interrupt me, or draw my attention from the subject I am upon.

In this uninterrupted and secluded situation, as I have hinted, *perfectly alone*, and free from the mad'ning and mischievous influence of liquor, which is unhappily sometimes my case, I feel as much at liberty to think accurately, and act consistently, as ever I did at any former remembered period of my *miraculous* life. Indeed, the present moment of reflection affords me extreme comfort, and without assuming or applying arrogantly to myself, if not the saying, or comparison of Pope—

"The starving chymist, in his golden views,
Supremely blessed the Poet in his muse,"

I may be allowed to observe, that with due submission to the dispensations of Divine Providence, I am content in a cottage, and would that every man had philosophy enough to do the same. But to the subject—stop a moment, we shall come if I mistake not, to what you call the "tangible" part just now. The horse *is known*, and *allowed to be lame*, and yet he conjures him to send him to Doncaster, and "rely upon his secrecy." Now, watch with the eyes of an Argus, *pussey come out!* send a lame horse to the first meeting in the kingdom, to run for the St. Leger Stakes—what do you think of this, Mr. Editor, can you solve this enigma? —where's our bit of a jockey, muster and marvel ye amateurs at this truly *categorical syllogism*, this most inexplicable mystery; can stabularian genius explain the reason why *Belville* was to go to Doncaster?

Every individual who is acquainted with the nature of the turf, knows, I apprehend, the conditions upon which *those* stakes are run for; *Belville* was named by Mr. Baker to win, *previous* to the communication of his friend, Mr. Hartley, that he had *fallen amiss*, and I have very little doubt, though I do not assert it, that he was backed to a very considerable amount to do so—but on the arrival of the news that he was *artificially lame*, a term which would have come better from a man milliner than a veterinary professor, what was to be done? brains were laid in steep to devise some mode of indemnification. Mr. B. hurried to Hambleton to see the horse, and from the particular care which had been taken of him, found him a great deal better; his own infallible prescriptions could be dispensed with. Now thinks he, as the horse is not *perceptibly lame*, not even to the eye of the most *intuitive* observer, though I *know*, and am *perfectly assured*, from the relaxed state of the sinews, he *will*, and must, *inevitably break down*, before he gallops

lops a mile—I must have him to Doncaster, and *cover my book* by a *good hedge*; but it would not do—Mr. Wilson was up to him—he was much better advised, and thought it more prudent to save three thousand guineas, the value of the horse, than oblige this veterinary gentleman, Mr. Baker.

To enter into any lengthened descantation on the nature of the accident, as to *how*, *where*, and *when*, he received it, the mode of his treatment, and the certain effect it would have produced, not only on the horse, but on the purses of some leading individuals, had he started at Doncaster, I think, after what I have already stated, will hardly be necessary; though if any gentleman require any further, or more satisfactory information upon that head, he or they shall certainly have it. Loss, it appears, produced disappointment, and disappointment generated into revenge, which, rankling in the *susceptible* bosoms of the Stewards of the Durham Races (particular Mr. Baker), whose *high sense of honour* suggested the expedient of entering into those resolutions, which Mr. Wilson, as the proprietor of race horses, a man of *real substance, character, integrity*, and *honour*, had an undoubted right to condemn.

The question then to determine, under all the circumstances, is, *whether they can, or they cannot, debar Mr. Wilson from running a horse at Durham* from *authority?* I shall be happy to be informed, and until I have an opportunity of transmitting you a few anecdotes relative to the career of Mr. Baker, whom I have said nothing more disrespectful of, than that he is an *ungrateful* man, and which, I repeat *again* and *again*, he and his *precious* friend, Mr. Witham, having led me into *disgrace* and *difficulty*, and left me there, which is a dilemma all this town can attest, I little deserved at their hands,

I am, Sir, yours, respectfully,

Veterinary Doctor MARSHALL.

South-street, Durham, Feb. 7, 1815.

NOTE.—The strange subscription of the above letter, has left us in a doubt, whether or not it be intended for a real name; and certain passages in the letter itself, equally strange, have induced, or rather compelled us, to exercise the pruning knife with much greater freedom, than is our usual custom. The gravest of our readers will yet probably complain of our forbearance. Any satisfactory information, of which Veterinary Doctor Marshall (sober) may be in possession, we shall be thankful for; and, as one good turn deserves another, we can venture to promise the Doctor a satisfactory answer to that point, on which he appears most solicitous.—EDITOR.

[*From the York Herald.*]

MR. EDITOR,

I have observed for the last three weeks, a correspondence, addressed to the public through the medium of your extensively circulated paper, respecting the Turf, and certain resolutions entered into on that head, by the Stewards of Durham Races; which, after all, seems to resolve itself into this, viz. that Mr. Baker by saying in his letter to Mr. Wilson, "I will attend your horse as long as you like," was desirous that Belville should win the St. Leger Stakes (*because I presume he had some pounds bet upon him*), and that Mr. Wilson was determined he should not, because it is suggested, as an opinion, *he would gain more by his losing, than by his winning.*

Now, Sir, let us see how the question stands; Mr. Baker went to examine the horse as Mr. Wilson requested, and his being refused,

fused such inspection, seems somewhat extraordinary. It could not be, because Mr. Baker did not know how to keep what (on the turf) are called *stable secrets*, for Mr. Baker is not only allowed to see the horses in almost all the training stables in the North of England, whenever he wishes it, but is often consulted by his acquaintances on the management of the first horses in the kingdom, and therefore not likely, as a gentleman, to say one syllable on the subject; but the more to induce Mr. Wilson to obtain him admission into the training stables, he says, *in the conclusion* of his letter, "you may rely on my secrecy;" which, in our language, is a promise that *he would not divulge the state and condition of any of the horses in the stables at Hambleton;* because, if he did, it would certainly take away, what I suspect he considers one of his greatest pleasures, that of inspecting the horses *and practising his veterinary art*; and as Mr. Wilson has not stated any grounds for such refusal, after his request made at York, his conduct certainly appears upon the whole (to use no harsher word) very *unaccountable*, and which is of itself, according to precedent, quite sufficient to justify the Stewards of Durham Races in entering into the resolutions they did, which have been the sole cause of the correspondence above alluded to; for by searching the Racing Calendars, I find in the year 1769, the following circumstance took place:—Mr. Castle's bay horse, Stranger, started at Ascot Heath, and won the first heat, but lost the second, and *was then drawn*, in consequence of which the following observation is placed under the list in the printed book, viz. "Mr. Castle's bay horse Stranger, being *unaccountably* drawn, the horses belonging to him and the horses belonging to other persons concerned with him, were *excepted* at most of the following races, and 'tis supposed they will be *generally excepted* the ensuing season." And I cannot conclude this letter without sincerely hoping, for the benefit of the turf, that the owner of Belville will be *no stranger* to similar resolutions being in future adopted by all Stewards of horse races in the kingdom. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

A FRIEND TO THE TURF.

Richmond, Yorkshire, Jan. 26, 1815.

HAMBLETONIAN AND DIAMOND.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

A WORCESTER Correspondent (Young Sportsman) desires a particular and true account of the celebrated race between Hambletonian and Diamond, over the B.C. in 1799. I beg to refer him to vol. xiv. p. 59, of the Sporting Magazine, where he will find circumstantial and practical reflections upon that celebrated race, which, I have been satisfactorily informed, were penned by a gentleman of constant turf habits, and who had frequently ridden in public. It was allowed at the time, to be the most judicious account of the celebrated race in question, which appeared. I am, Sir, &c.

AMATEUR.

SENTENCE OF THE COURT MARTIAL ON SIR J. MURRAY.

AT a General Court-Martial held at Winchester, on the 16th January, 1815, and continued by adjournments

journments to the 7th February following, Lieutenant-General Sir John Murray, Bart. was arraigned upon the undermentioned charges, viz :—

1st. "For landing or continuing on shore, when landed, between the 7th and the 12th June, 1813, near Tarragona, a large quantity of heavy artillery, ammunition, and stores, when he had good reason to believe that no real benefit could be derived for ten or twelve days, as to producing the fall of Tarragona by these means; and when he had received information, which he believed, that long before that time a superior force of the enemy would be near him, and was aware that the siege must then be abandoned, knowing at the same time the great difficulties and dangers attending a sudden re-embarkation on that coast; such conduct being highly unmilitary, and against the spirit of his instructions.

2d. "For neglect of duty, and disobedience of the express written order of his Excellency Field-Marshal the Marquess of Wellington, the Commander of his Majesty's Forces in the Peninsula, by not immediately re-embarking the whole of the forces under his command, after he had determined to raise, and had actually raised the siege of Tarragona, and returning to Valencia, in order to assist the Spanish armies in that province in securing the positions which they might have acquired there.

3d. "For neglect of duty in hastily re-embarking the forces under his command, without any previous preparations or arrangements, and thus precipitately and unnecessarily abandoning a considerable quantity of artillery, stores, and ammunition, about the 12th June, 1813, near Tarragona, when he was so far from being compelled to this degrading measure by the immediate approach of any superior force, or by any other sufficient cause, that by due zeal, firmness, and exertion, the greater part, if not the whole, might have been embarked in safety, Admiral Hallowell, who was at the time on duty on the station, engaging to effect the same: such conduct being highly to the prejudice of the service, and detrimental to the British military character."

Upon which Charges the Court came to the following decision :—

"The Court having maturely weighed and considered the whole of the evidence which has been adduced before them, is of opinion :

"With respect to the First Charge, that Lieutenant-General Sir John Murray is *Not Guilty*.

"With respect to the Second Charge, that Lieutenant-General Sir John Murray is *Not Guilty*.

"With respect to the Third Charge, that Lieutenant-General Sir John Murray is *Guilty* only of so much of that Charge as states, "*That he unnecessarily abandoned a considerable quantity of artillery and stores, which he might have embarked in safety, such conduct being detrimental to the service*," and the Court does therefore find him *Guilty* of such part, but does *acquit* him of the remainder of that Charge."

"The Court, under all the circumstances of the case, considering the conduct of Sir John Murray to have proceeded from a mere error in judgment, is of opinion, and does adjudge, that, for the part of the third Charge, of which Lieutenant-General Sir John Murray has been so found *Guilty*, he be admonished in such manner as his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief may think proper."

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to approve and confirm the finding and sentence of the Court; but as the Court has only attributed to Sir John Murray a *mere error in judgment*, the case has not appeared to his Royal Highness to call for any further observation.

The Commander in Chief directs that the foregoing Charges preferred against Lieutenant-General Sir John Murray, Bart. together with the Finding and Sentence of the Court, and the Prince Regent's pleasure thereon, shall be entered in the General Order Book, and read at the head of every regiment in his Majesty's service.

By command of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief,

HARRY CALVERT, Adj.-Gen.

COM

COMPARISON BETWEEN CHILDERS, ECLIPSE, MASQUERADE, AND THE ROCKET GELDING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SEVERAL of your Correspondents, particularly Z. B. are much given to curious speculations upon the comparative merits of the race horses of past times. By way of starting an uncommon idea for their amusement, I shall point out to them the probability that, the *speed* of both Childers and Eclipse has been equalled by one or two other racers. Their general qualifications have, beyond all question, remained unrivalled. The racers to which I allude, are the brown mare Masquerade by Marsk, and the Rocket gelding, which last, by the by, was said to be only three parts bred, or at most seven eighths. The play of the first was for half a mile, of the other one quarter of a mile; and at those distances, they beat all the horses of the day, whether in private trials, or in public, with as much ease and decision, as Childers and Eclipse did the horses opposed to them. Nor is the supposition at all unlikely or absurd, that the mare and gelding, at their own distance, and in point of speed, simply considered, were fully equal to the two celebrated conquerors. — Masquerade and Rocket were contemporary with Shark and Highflyer.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

POACHERS.

A Few weeks ago, a very respectable Country Squire, in the neighbourhood of York, and who has an extensive manor, met with a well known poacher, with a dog in the snow, when the Squire accosted him, "Well, Tom, I find thou are tracing my hares."—"No, I am not," replied Tom. A warm conversation took place, when Tom, in the heat of his passion, cried out, "D——n you, and your *hares* for ever."—"What, Tom," replied the Squire, "dost thou d——n me and my *heirs* for ever." —"Yes," says Tom, "I do, to the first and last generation."

In the Court of King's Bench, on Monday, the 13th instant, Mr. Jones moved for a certiorari, to remove into this Court the proceedings before Magistrates, and also at the Sessions for Berkshire, respecting —— Weston and Thirston (see last Number, page 170), who had been convicted under the Vagrant Act for killing and taking game. The Magistrates, in the first instance, convicted the men in a penalty, from which conviction they appealed to the Sessions, who confirmed it, and in addition sentenced the men to three months imprisonment, and after that to be sent to the depot at the Isle of Wight, to be employed in his Majesty's military service. Mr. Jones grounded his application, 1st, on the informality of the information; and 2d, that the conviction at Sessions was made conditionally subject to the opinion of the Court of King's Bench.—Mr. Justice Le Blanc granted a rule *Nisi*, and ordered cause to be shewn at Chambers, on account of the apparent hardship of the case.

At the Quarter Sessions held at Little Walsingham, Norfolk, last month, James Holdsworth and Thomas Watts, for shooting in the night at Warham, were convicted as rogues and vagabonds, and sentenced to six months each in Wymondham bridewell, and to be publicly whipped.

NOTES

NOTES *on a* JOURNEY *through* FRANCE, *from Dieppe through Paris and Lyons, to the Pyrennees, and back through Toulouse, in July, August, and September,* 1814, *describing the Habits of the People, and the Agriculture of the Country.*—By MORRIS BIRKBECK.

Concluded from page 197.

"July 20. LOUVIERS, famous for its fine cloths, is favourably situated on a beautiful clear stream, of which full advantage appears to be taken, for working their machinery. Here are several noble establishments for spinning woollen yarn. Their cropping or shearing machines were performing their office with the greatest precision. I think they are wide awake to mechanical improvements; indeed, the quality of their cloth proves their skill too well to leave a doubt of the excellence of their implements. There is great decency and comfort in the looks of their work people; of whom women form by far the principal part.

"At Evreux is a manufactory of ticking, which seemed to be in motion, at least, if not in activity. A ci-devant convent has been converted into a prison and a court-house for the department. There are 160 prisoners, who are as well off as people in their condition can be.

"Vineyards begin to make their appearance at Bonet, about fifty miles north of Paris.

"In all the country we have passed, the manufacturing districts excepted, and they are small in extent, our English eyes look in vain for respectable *homes.* As we approach Paris, good houses and country seats are not unfrequent; but in the country, remote from large towns and manufactories, there seem to be no habitations but those of small farmers and cottagers.

"Paris, July 21.—From Rouen to Louviers we travelled by diligence; a most unwieldy machine: it was an extremely large and heavy coach body, on two wheels, which carried eight persons within and three without. The descent of the hills, with this weight balanced on the axletree, was a tremendous operation. From Louviers we proceeded, post, to Paris; a mode which unites the worst parts of English and French travelling: English expence and French accommodation.

"We afterwards found posting not so inconvenient or expensive. If you take your own voiture, or hire one for the journey, you escape the miserable Cabriolets provided by the post-masters, and the trouble of changing every seven or ten miles. You may also take two horses at forty sous each instead of three at thirty sous; and you save thirty sous a stage, which is charged when they furnish a carriage. With these precautions, there is not much room to complain of French posting.

"On our arrival at our hotel, the postillion demanded double for the last post, as a Poste Royale; armed a l'Anglois at all points against imposition, I objected; he proposed going to the Bureau des Postes, to prove his right; I, curious to be introduced to a French Authority, willingly consented, and away we went to the Bureau des Postes: there he established his claim. On returning to the hotel to his voiture and horses, an article of our baggage was missing; the

the postillion declared he had not seen it, and as we could not ascertain at what place it had been left, it was given up as lost; it was a *sac de nuit*, containing sundries of some value. In three days the same postillion left our sac at the hotel unopened, not an article missing: he had traced it back until he found it; and considering the mode of our settlement, it was more than we expected. I give it as a sample of French honesty and regard for character. As another instance of the same kind; a postillion galloped after us three miles, with a small article which had been overlooked in shifting the luggage.

"July 27.—We have now been a week in Paris; we have delivered our letters and looked about us, comparing what we see here with what we have left at home, like other travellers. We find things here, not of a piece; public profusion and private frugality; a brilliant government and a plain people. The people wiser, and of course better than their rulers; this, I imagine, is a common case; but they generally differ only in degree, the character the same. This *opposition* of character I do not comprehend, but I suspect the work is not quite finished.

"There is a marked difference between the two languages, of which I was not at all aware, in the manner of delivery. The English use much emphasis, the French scarcely any; and in speaking French, anxious to be understood, we are apt to use still more emphasis than in our own tongue; which makes sad work of it.—Teachers should attend to this: to the cadence of the sentence, as well as the pronunciation of the words.

"July 28.—Waited upon M. Tessier, inspector of the national flocks. His shepherd is a wealthy man. His wife shewed us her ample stores of home-spun linen. She sows the hemp, prepares and spins it herself. The labouring class here is certainly much higher, on the social scale, than with us. Every opportunity of collecting information on this subject confirms my first impression, that there are very few really poor people in France. In England, a poor man and a labourer are synonymous terms: we speak familiarly of *the poor*, meaning the labouring class: not so here. I have now learnt enough to explain this difference; and having received the same information from every quarter, there is no room to doubt its correctness.

"The National Domains, consisting of the confiscated estates of the church and the emigrant nobility, were exposed to sale during the pecuniary distresses of the revolutionary government in small portions, for the accommodation of the lowest order of purchasers, and five years allowed for completing the payment. This indulgence, joined to the depreciation of assignats, enabled the poorest description of peasants to become proprietors; and such they are almost universally; possessing from one to ten acres. And as the education also of the poor was sedulously promoted during the early years of the revolution, their great advance, in character as well as condition, is no mystery.

"July 27.—The fruit gardens at Montreuil are a curious instance of the accumulation of capital in a small space. It is a little commune of walls. These gardens are said to be worth 400l. sterling per acre. All the occupiers are proprietors.

prietors. I do not think their management of wall-fruit trees equal to that of our gardeners.

"From Mont Martre is a fine view of Paris. The atmosphere is nearly as clear as in the country. Their cookery being performed mostly by charcoal fires, very little smoke is produced in summer.

"July 29—Examined a curious invention, by which the mode of building with earth of almost any description except pure sand, called Pisè, is carried to great perfection. The earth, instead of being rammed in a large frame of the dimensions of the intended wall, is placed in a strong mould of about a cubic foot, or of any size or shape which the particular purpose may demand. Then, after a few strokes from a very heavy stamper, it is turned out a solid mass, as durable, as it should seem, as stone. The machinery consists of a mill-stone, on which is fixed the mould, and a stamper like a common pile-driver. The earth is used of the degree of moisture of mould fresh dug.—Chalk rubble was the kind employed in this instance. The name of the inventor is Cointeraux: he was building for M. le Comte de Neufchateaux. The blocks are laid in mortar; and it was surprising to see the expedition with which a heap of loose rubbish was converted into a solid wall.

"The ancient nobility, before the revolution, were not very refined in their mode of living at their chateaux. These houses, generally in a ruinous state and badly furnished, were occasionally visited by their owners, accompanied probably by a party of guests, and a numerous tribe of domestics.—These visits were the result of caprice sometimes; often of necessity; to recover fresh vigour for the expences of Paris; but rarely for the true enjoyment of the country. Their appearance was not welcomed by their tenants, from whom certain extra services were then required. Provisions of all kinds, grain, fish, flesh, fowl, all were in requisition. The dependants, almost plundering, and insolent of course. The gentry, spending their time at cards or billiards; or promenading in their strait lined gardens, in stiff Parisian dresses, were only known on their estates to be hated and despised. A better spirit prevails at present. Proprietors have acquired a touch of the country gentleman, and are cultivating their estates; whilst the tenants are relieved from degrading corvees and other odious oppressions. Still, much is wanting to render a country residence inviting to those who cannot be satisfied in the society of their own domestic circle; or who may not be blessed with a numerous and happy family.

"When capital, in the hands of well educated men, begins to be directed to rural affairs, a foundation is laid for a better state of society. A broad foundation of this sort is, I have been informed, already laid in France. Thanks to the revolution!

"Sunday is but slightly observed in this part of France, at any season; very slightly indeed in harvest. Some go to church for about an hour; but, before and after, no great marks of Sabbath are perceptible. This is to be regretted: a day of rest is at least an excellent political regulation; good for man and beast. It is, however, pleasant to perceive how little hold the church has upon the minds of the people. Surely it can never recover its influence. The

churches here are modest structures; not so imposing as those of Normandy; and I fancy they have influence on the imagination of the inhabitants.

"Cosne, Aug. 2.—From Montargis to this place is over a poor sandy district; exhausted by the old system of two crops and a fallow. The crops such as may be expected from barren sands in a dry season. Labourers, extremely well dressed, reaping oats, the worst I ever saw.

"There are many poor at Moulins, but not quite so many as before the revolution. Several convents have been converted into Etablissements de Mendicité.—These institutions only admit the sick, and are supported by a small duty on provisions, paid on their entry into the town. The small occupiers about Moulins are in very poor plight. They thresh the whole of their little crop immediately after harvest, and sell the produce to pay their rent and tax. In other parts of France they sell the surplus only; reserving enough for their own use. Here, they buy, and frequently at an advanced rate, in the latter part of the year, what they have sold in the former. Here they rent, and at a dear rate, their little modicums of land. Elsewhere they are proprietors. Attorney's office at Moulins much like a lumber garret. The French are cleanly in their persons, particularly so in their linen; but neatness and order in the arrangement of their houses is not so much attended to. There appears in every office, in every inn, in every shop, two persons, at least, to one in England. This is *their* mode of dividing labour. Perhaps the disorder that prevails in these places is both cause and effect.

"Passed through La Palisse on a fair-day. There are monthly fairs for sheep, cattle, and horses, at this place; which, if we may judge from the present, are very large; yet the place is not enriched. Such a concourse of people would, in England, leave money enough behind them to give an air of prosperity to the town. But these people are all clothed in their own manufacture, of coarse woollen, from their flocks, and linen from their own hemp. They bring their bread with them; and perhaps club for a bottle of wine, for which they pay ten sous. They have very little money, and not much need of it, with their present habits. With their hats of two feet in diameter, their long lank locks, and gaunt figures, they have a famished look. They are the only people whom I have seen in this country, whose appearance generally denoted hard fare. The bonnets of the women are of straw; very large and grotesque in shape. Both sexes wear wooden shoes, in which they walk uneasily; and can hardly keep pace with their oxen.

"Dieppe, Rouen, Paris, (the public buildings and Palais Royal excepted) Nevers, Moulins, Roanne, might seem to be parcels of the same; and to have made no progress whatever in the conveniences and refinement in life, since the day they were built. On the contrary, when the extraordinary operation of repairs is attempted, it is often in a style which disfigures the ancient structure. Every thing is old and wearing out; houses, furniture, carriages, harness, all of a date, and no prospect of a renewal.

"The population of France seems to be arranged thus: a town (Moulins

(Moulins for instance) depends for subsistence on the lands immediately surrounding it. The cultivators individually have not much to spare; because, as their husbandry is a sort of gardening, it requires a large *country* population, and has, in proportion, less superfluity of produce. Thus is formed a numerous, but poor country population. The daily supply of the numberless petty articles of French diet, employs, and therefore produces, a multitude of little traders. It must be brought daily from the country; and the number of individuals whom this operation employs is beyond calculation. Multitudes, again, make a scanty living by retailing through the streets these low priced and perishable articles. The cultivator receives payment for his surplus produce in sous, and he expends only sous. The tradesman is on a par with the farmer; as they receive, so they expend. And thus 50,000 persons may inhabit a district with a town of 10,000 inhabitants in the centre of it; bartering the superfluity of the country for the arts and manufactures of the town: poor from generation to generation, and growing continually poorer as they increase in numbers; in the country, by the division and subdivision of property; in the town, by division and subdivision of trades and professions. Such a people, instead of proceeding from the necessaries to the comforts of life, and then to the luxuries, as is the order of things in England, are rather retrograde than progressive. French houses are generally large, old, and shabby; expensive in their original construction; and *filled* with people who have no means of building such houses now; they can hardly afford to repair them. There is no advancement in French society; no improvement, nor hope of it. Yet they seem happier than we are. Being much on a level among themselves, and possessing enough to supply their temperate wants, they feel no degradation. We spend our lives in painful endeavours to advance ourselves and our children: having absolutely no means of improving their situation, they submit to necessity, and spend their lives contentedly. If an opportunity occurs of amending their condition, they are sufficiently ready to embrace it. The rapacity with which they attack the purses of English travellers is the commercial spirit in the only way in which it can at present exert itself.

"Roanne. Sunday.—Religion seems to be monopolized by the women, if we may judge by the attendance at church. Twenty women to one man is about the proportion. At the Petits Minims here, to day, there might be eight hundred persons present to hear the sermon; forty of them men!

"The higgling disposition of the French, which is so teazing to strangers, arises from their way of living;—buying their daily food almost by the mouthful: a handful of spinach, a cucumber, a little fruit; the value small, but uncertain, and of course subject to perpetual bargaining. If you are obliged to higgle about a sous, you will naturally do the same in greater matters; and thus it becomes habitual.

"Coals of the best quality are dug about thirty miles from Roanne.

"Aug. 7. To St. Symphorien through

through a delightful, well inhabited, well cultivated district. Hilly, almost mountainous, yet fertile. The most desirable country we have yet seen in France. The neighbourhood of St. Symphorien is studded with excellent houses. They are country seats of merchants and manufacturers of Lyons; who, by clustering round this pleasant spot, seemed to have formed a rural society.

" Lyons, Aug. 8.—The city is in a grand stir, receiving a visit from the Duchess of Angouleme, daughter of Louis XVI. This evening, on our arrival, we find all the fashion and pomp of Lyons and its environs collecting to a ball, in honour of this now important personage. The Batiment de St. Pierre is arranged for the occasion. The quadrangle is fitted up as a saloon for dancing; two large floors being constructed of boards in the open area. The balconies, hung with tapestry and decorated with a profusion of fleurs de lis, are furnished with benches for the accommodation of six thousand persons.

" The waters of the Saone are excellent for scowering; containing, it is said, a soapy quality. Those of the Rhone, from their purity, are equally adapted to dyeing. The silk manufacture has proceeded tolerably during the war: at present it is prosperous.

" The Jardin des Plantes is a pleasant promenade; but not of high repute as a botanical garden.

" I was highly gratified by the appearance of cleanliness and good order in the General Hospital. In one of the immense wards, in which every bed was occupied, the ventilation was so complete that not the least unpleasant effluvia could be perceived.

" Aug. 12.—Took boat for Vienne — altogether delightful!—Sweet air—exhilarating mountain scenery;—the clear, and rapid, and majestic Rhone: rocks, woods, vineyards; chateaux on commanding eminences; cottages, embosomed in trees, retiring from the view: the busy traffic of the river, and prosperous villages on its banks.

" 13.—Walked to St. Urban, over hills of alluvial formation, to the east of the great road. Granite pebbles in vast beds, 800 feet at least above the present channel of the Rhone. Soil generally poor. The farmers, with their wives and daughters, every where busy, threshing out their crop, in the open air. After harvest the process of threshing occupies a month or six weeks; during which time they have no apprehensions from the weather; so settled is the climate. The straw is stacked with great care for fodder.

" The bakers of Vienne or Roche, are the purchasers of the wheat and rye of this district; but the growers, being generally owners of their little farms, always reserve enough for their own use. There seems however a total deficiency of convertible capital.—Those lands which are let, are let at corn rents. The landlord has half the produce, and furnishes the stock; which is valued on entering and quitting: the tenant paying or receiving, as he may have deteriorated or improved it. Even the labourer is paid in kind for the two principal operations, harvesting and threshing: one sixth of the gross produce, or three bushels on a crop of eighteen. Harvest is not finished until the threshing is done. On every farm this work was going on: the threshing floors are

are generally in the corner of a field: the loose mould shovelled aside, and a good sweeping, being the only preparation. The size, of course, in proportion to the number of people, which is from two to twelve; rarely more than the latter. They thresh and winnow about seven Winchester bushels each per day. For harvesting and threshing, the English labourer receives about a tenth, at the present prices of corn and labour, when he is best paid. The English labourer receives two bushels, the French labourer, three bushels and one third. Money wages are in nearly the same proportion. The difference, we pay in poor rates, and as much more, as the expence is greater to maintain a pauper than to preserve an industrious man from poverty; with the addition also of that very considerable part of the poor rates which is expended in law suits, in the erection and support of workhouses, and the salaries of officers; with many other charges.

"Aug. 14. (St. Urban). In every part of France women employ themselves in offices which are deemed with us unsuitable to the sex. Here there is no sexual distinction of employment: the women undertake any task they are able to perform, without much notion of fitness or unfitness. This applies to all classes. The lady of one of the principal clothiers at Louviers, conducted us over the works; gave us patterns of the best cloths; ordered the machinery to be set in motion for our gratification, and was evidently in the habit of attending to the whole detail of the business. Just so, near Rouen, the wife of the largest farmer in that quarter, conducted me to the barns and stables, shewed me the various implements, and explained their use: took me into the fields, and described the mode of husbandry, which she perfectly understood; expatiated on the excellence of their fallows; pointed out the best sheep in the flock, and gave me a detail of their management in buying their wether lambs and fattening their wethers. This was on a farm of about four hundred acres. In every shop and warehouse you see similar activity in the females. At the royal porcelain manufactory at Sevres, a woman was called to receive payment for the articles we purchased. In the Halle de Bled, at Paris, women, in their little countinghouses, are performing the office of factors, in the sale of grain and flour. In every department they occupy an important station, from one extremity of the country to the other.

"In many cases, where women are employed in the more laborious occupations, the real cause is directly opposite to the apparent. You see them in the south, threshing, with the men, under a burning sun;—it is a family party threshing out the crop of their own freehold;—a woman is holding plough:—the plough, the horses, the land is her's; or, (as we have it) her husband's; who is probably sowing the wheat which she is turning in. You are shocked on seeing a fine young woman loading a dung cart;—it belongs to her father, who is manuring his own field, for their common support. In these instances the toil of the women denotes wealth rather than want; though the latter is the motive to which a superficial observer would refer it.

"Who can estimate the importance, in a moral and political view,

view, of this state of things? Where the women, in the complete exercise of their mental and bodily faculties, are performing their full share of the duties of life. It is the natural, healthy condition of society. Its influence on the female character in France is a proof of it. There is that freedom of action, and reliance on their own powers, in the French women, generally, which, occasionally, we observe with admiration in women of superior talents in England."

CASE OF CAPTAIN BAINBRIGGE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Have been all these years endeavouring to get a hearing, or the cause of the following letter being sent, but without effect; if you think with me that my case is a hard one, I shall be obliged to you to insert the whole of it in your next Magazine. I have long taken them in, and wish my case to be made public.—Your humble servant, JOHN BAINBRIGGE.

Hales Green, near Ashborne, Derbyshire, January 31, 1815.

To His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, Prince Regent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

The humble Petition and Memorial of John Bainbrigge,

SHEWETH,

That your Petitioner had a company in the Derbyshire Militia for upwards of nineteen years, all which time he served without blame or reproach, and was oldest Captain in the regiment, when he received the following letter:

Whitehall, Nov. 10, 1798.

MY LORD,—The King having thought proper that Captain John Bainbrigge of the Derbyshire Militia, should be displaced, I am commanded to signify to your Grace his Majesty's pleasure that the said Captain John Bainbrigge should be displaced from his situation as Captain of the said Regiment of Militia.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient humble servant,

PORTLAND.

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

Your Memorialist's father had the honour of proclaiming your Royal Highness's father George the Third, King of these Realms at Derby, when his Majesty came to the Throne, he being High Sheriff for that county at the time.

Your Memorialist's brother, Lieut.-Col. Bainbrigge, was killed commanding the 20th regiment in North Holland, under the immediate command of your Royal Highness's brother his Grace the Duke of York.

Your Memorialist's nephew, Major Bainbrigge, of the Quarter-Master-General's department, was badly wounded in Spain in the face, by two French dragoons, (who attacked him personally, but did not make him prisoner) whilst under the orders of his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

Your Memorialist's nephew, Captain Bainbrigge, of the 41st regiment, 2d battalion, now reduced to half pay, had the honour of commanding the grenadier company of the 20th regiment, in the ever memorable battle of the Pyrenees, three days, from the 25th to the 28th of July, (his senior officers being wounded) when he himself

himself was severely wounded in his side; the ball has been extracted since his return to England, and likewise in the same battle he lost his left arm by amputation, after it had been shattered to pieces by shot, and now he has lost his Colonel and great friend, Gen. Ross, and is reduced himself to half pay.

Your Memorialist has always supported the views of Government, and was an original subscriber to the loyalty loan.

Your Memorialist is fully persuaded his conduct was mis-stated to his Majesty, as the Captains of the regiment had memorialised the Lord Lieutenant of the county for his promotion in the regiment.

Your Memorialist now humbly prayeth, that he may be reinstated to his company, or be allowed a General Court-Martial on his conduct.

JOHN BAINBRIGGE,
late Captain Derbyshire Militia.

Hales Green, near Ashborne, Derbyshire, December 28, 1814.

THE PUZZLED LANDLORD.

To the Editor.

SIR,

THE following anecdote, from its originality, may not be unworthy your insertion.

Being deputed to make choice of a house, and to order an annual dinner for a party of gentlemen, I determined upon one pleasantly situate on the banks of the Thames, in the village of Mortlake. Having agreed with the landlord as to terms, and the precise dishes that were to be placed on the table, I informed him, that in the event of the party being likewise satisfied, I would transmit him a letter, by post, naming the day, &c. Their consent being signified, I wrote,—merely stating, that on such a day he might expect us, to the number of twenty-two—at so much per head, and to guard against any misunderstanding, I thought it prudent to recapitulate the dishes we had previously agreed upon—beginning '*viz.* Fish, veal, ham, &c.'

By the return of post I received the following curious answer, the original of which I transmit you, being aware that without good proof the merit of the anecdote might be lost in the idea of its being manufactured :—

" Sir, I received your commands but I dont know what you means by Videlecit as I didnt hear you mention it when you was at Mortlake every thing else shall be obeyed. Yours to Command,

EDW. B——D.

O— S—p Mortlake July 4."

This letter, of course afforded considerable mirth to the party who perused it—but it appeared to me strange, that my landlord should be incapable of understanding the contraction, and yet write the word at length, though improperly spelt. To reconcile this point I was at considerable trouble, and I cannot convey the result of my inquiries in a better form than as the dialogue actually took place upon the receipt of my letter, at which time the landlord, his wife, and a waiter were in the bar—" Why, wife, did you ever hear me mention such a dish as *viz* when the gentleman was down here ordering the dinner?"—" Lord, husband, no; what is *viz* ?"—A gentleman who had just paid the waiter for his morning beverage, hearing the last question, politely answered, " It means *Videlicet,* madam," and passed on. Here mine host was again at a pause, when

when he suddenly exclaimed—"And what is *Videlicet?* I never heard of such a dish as that in all my life."—"Nor I, husband, though I have lived in the first families—aye, and where every kind of made dish has been sent to table."—"Thomas, do you know what is *Videlicet?*"—"No, Sir; but I suppose it's some of those new-fangled dishes that the French are so fond of. I'll ask in the kitchen." The inquiries in the kitchen were equally unsuccessful; but Thomas, upon recollection, thought he had heard of a fish of that name. To the beach my landlord immediately proceeded; all the river fishermen were in turn applied to, but all were equally positive that *Videlicet* did not grow in the river Thames, or else they must have caught him—perhaps it might be a salt-water fish; but that opinion was not supported by the landlady, who declared that if *Videlicet* was any thing, it was a made dish; and, not to expose their ignorance, they agreed to apologise, and make no further inquiries.

On the day of the dinner, which, to do the landlord credit, was excellent, the idea of *viz* was not forgotten; the inquiries for it were so frequent, that the landlord, who waited in person, thought proper, with many apologies, to express his regret that he had not been able to procure it in time—the letter came too late—the notice was so short—but desirous to oblige, he had placed on the table, in its stead, a giblet pye.

This explanation, produced such an involuntary, such a general burst of laughter, that we all sensibly felt for the landlord's embarrassment, from which, however, he was adroitly relieved by one of the party observing—"Why really, Mr. B. I admire your substitution—your giblet pye is excellent, and so like *videlicet* that I shall never again eat of the one without thinking upon the other."—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

F.

LAWS OF BETTING—JOANNA SOUTHCOTT'S PREGNANCY.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, FEBRUARY 16.

Ditchburn *v.* Goldsmith.

MR. Campbell, in opening the pleadings, stated that this was an action on a wager laid on the 5th day of September, 1814, whereby the defendant betted the plaintiff 200l. to 100l. that Joanna Southcott would be delivered of a male child before the 1st day of November then next ensuing. As soon as he had finished,

Serjeant Onslow for the defendant, contended that this was a cause which could not be tried in a Court of Justice, as leading to indecent evidence, and making disclosures injurious to the feelings of individuals: and he referred to Da Costa against Jones, in which Lord Mansfield held that an action could not be maintained on a wager on the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon.

Serjeant Best, for the plaintiff, said there would be no tendency to indecent evidence in this case. Having proved the bet, he should shew by the evidence of a medical gentleman, that Mrs. Southcott was not delivered of a male child before the 1st of November, and thereupon he should be entitled to a verdict for the sum of 200l. It did not even appear that Joanna

was

was a single woman. The defendant to be sure, who was one of her preachers, had stated in a lecture that she was to be married by proxy; but she might previously have a husband living for all that.

Mr. Campbell added, that in the very case cited of Da Costa against Jones, Lord Mansfield said there would be nothing illegal in a wager, whether the next child a woman should have should be a boy or a girl. The present wager would require no further evidence than would be necessary in that case, and in truth amounted to no more than a wager that Mrs. Southcott's child, if she had one before the 1st of November, should not be a boy.

Chief Justice Gibbs.—There is a clear distinction between the present case and that, which Mr. Campbell himself must perceive. I am convinced that this is not a proper cause to be tried; but I do not like to stop it *in limine:* let it go on, and I hope it may lead to putting an end to actions on all such wagers, by the interposition of the Legislature. However, I hope the Counsel will feel it their duty to confine themselves strictly to the evidence of the case, without travelling into matters connected with it, which were calculated to excite disgust and indignation.

Serjeant Best said he considered the transaction out of which the wager arose, a disgrace to the country. His client, the plaintiff, was of the same opinion, and his object in laying the wager was to assist in exposing the imposture practised upon the public. The defendant was one of Joanna's warmest admirers and supporters. Both parties resided at Gravesend in Kent. The defendant pretended to be so firmly convinced of the pregnancy of Joanna, that he offered any odds she would be delivered of a son before the 1st of November. Accordingly the present wager was laid of 200l. to 100l. It was written on the back of a Bank of England note, which was lodged in the hands of a stakeholder as a deposit. Parson Tozer had been subpœnaed to prove that Joanna had no child; but unfortunately he was in custody in the King's Bench prison. However, the fact would be established by the evidence of Dr. Reece, and Mrs. Ann Underwood, her female attendant. A gentleman of the name of Gordon then proved that he was present when the wager was made, and that he saw the defendant sign it on the bank-note.

Dr. Reece swore that he attended Joanna Southcott professionally, and that she had no child before the 1st of November. Being cross-examined by Serjeant Onslow, he said, that although she was called *Mrs.* Southcott, she passed as a single woman, and that he never heard of her having any husband.

Chief Justice Gibbs.—I think I am now fully warranted in stopping the trial. Until it appeared that this was a single woman, I suffered it to proceed. But can it be endured that an inquiry should be made in a Court of Justice, whether an unmarried woman has had a bastard? I understand that upon two similar occasions, Lord Loughborough and Lord Ellenborough refused to try actions upon wagers, and I think I cannot do better than to follow their example.

Mr. Campbell said, these two

Judges had certainly refused to try actions on wagers on subjects not fit to be investigated in Courts of Justice, and their conduct had afterwards been approved of by the Courts in which they respectively presided. But he submitted that this was not a cause of that description. It might be admitted that generally an action could not be maintained upon the question whether an unmarried woman has had a child, because that must be very injurious to her character, and the honour of her family. Here, however, no such consequences could be apprehended; for if his Lordship suffered the cause to go on, it would appear that Mrs. Southcott is dead; so that her feelings can no longer be injured; and that in her lifetime, far from dreading an examination of this sort, she had publicly professed that she was pregnant, she had courted inquiry into the fact, and had prophesied she would be delivered of a son before the 1st of November, while she herself was still unmarried and a virgin.

Chief Justice Gibbs.—So whether I am to sit here to try this cause is to depend upon the notions of chastity, or the state of intellect of the party who is the subject of the wager. No! The circumstance of her being unmarried immediately decides me to put a stop to the trial.

Serjeant Onslow then insisted that the plaintiff should be nonsuited; but the opposite Counsel, although they declined to press his Lordship any further to try the cause, refused to be nonsuited, as they had proved their case.

Chief Justice Gibbs.—I will make no order upon the subject.

VICISSITUDES OF THE TURF, &c.

In Fortune's varying colours dress'd.
GRAY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE various and unforeseen occurrences which diurnally occur in the sporting world, insensibly led me into a train of reflections on the vicissitudes which encompass men of this description. The young heir, panting with ardour to throw off the shackles of minority, scarcely becomes emancipated, than he rushes into excesses of every kind; retaining his hunters and his hounds, his racer at Newmarket, his pointers, and his greyhounds, with a variety of others, the forerunners of ruin and beggary. What a pity that the impressive lessons which daily occur around them, should not teach youth, ignorant of the "hackneyed ways of men," the value of experience; but why so regardless of their future welfare, and so infatuated to their dissipated pleasures, as to reject advice in every shape, and particularly when they arrive at that age, when sober reflection predominates over the sallies of youth, and they are left without money—destitute of friends—a mark of contempt for scorn to point his slow and moving finger at—then it will be too late to receive this salutary correction.—And let them remember, from the experience of ages, that a life spent in one continued round of dissipation, is a total blank to society; and that so far from improving or making a right use of the talent committed to their charge, they have been perverting it to the vilest

vilest purposes; ruining their constitution, entailing misery on their decrepid years, and dragging on their life in exile, in poverty, and wretchedness. And —— "yoicks, yoicks, exclaims a dashing spark, we have at length caught a methodist within the pale of the *Sporting Magazine*; but a fig for his remonstrances, I'll, with the aid of Rouse, hie away to Newmarket, to enjoy the extatic pleasures of the turf. One hundred to three old Whitfield, the Duke don't win both the Derby and the Oaks, and fifty to twenty the Waxy's against the Sorcerer's or the Selim's."

The man whose whole study and occupation is to go about the country and bet great sums of money on the event of every pastime of eminence; his life is a continued series of doubt and uncertainty. He may retire to bed in the evening a winner of hundreds, and before the next night arrives the fickle Goddess may turn her wheel, and he may become the loser of as many thousands; in fact, their whole pursuit is so chequered with uncertainty, and so dependant on chance or calculation, that few, indeed, accumulate large fortunes, and, perhaps, the disgraceful scenes which have been developed, the wide field it opens to villainy of every kind—These are very unlikely to be obtained; but he who acts uprightly in all his dealings, and scorns to take undue advantage, stands proudly eminent, a valuable member of the community, and one whose loss it will be very difficult to supply.

The gamester, whose subsistence depends on defrauding the unwary, whose whole aim is to plunder those who fall within his gulph; his life is wretched in the extreme; many a *morning* does he retire to bed supperless, and the next night become the winner of thousands; so capricious are the freaks of Fortune, that he who takes her by the forelock and converts her gifts to prudent purposes, is truly wise and worthy of her favours. But the gamester who pursues this occupation in defiance of all laws, legal and moral, in spite of the execrations of mankind, must be armed with more than ordinary assurance; and what is more astonishing, that one man shall relate to a social party the fatal effects of gaming, and the misery it has entailed on respectable families. And mark these words! they will with one accord execrate it as pernicious to society, and probably the next night half of them will rush into every species of gambling, and lose large sums of money, in direct opposition to the solemn lessons which had been inculcated the preceding evening.

Again, the man who sets himself up as a *professed* gamester, notwithstanding the multiplied censures of all ranks of people, should be denounced as a pest to the human race, and equally as criminal as the robber. What a pity that such characters should be permitted to range the country and bubble people out of princely fortunes, and then style themselves arbiters of the fashion! Such miscreants ought to be scouted from off the face of the earth, and exhibited as mementos to deter men from this species of civil beggary. A man had better be robbed of his money on the highway than be swindled out of it at the gaming table; he has some chance at the one, whereas at the other he is led by gradual and imperceptible means to ruin. The gamester, with a tongue that drops manna, to make the

the worse appear the better, wheedles and makes him accessary to his own destruction; and before reflection arrives, he entails misery on his family and connections, and drinks the bitter cup of affliction to the dregs, till he sinks into the grave, deprived of a burden too grievous to be borne.

The votaries of Hoyle may allege in extenuation of this odious practice, that if a man is determined to gamble, he had better lose his money in a more fashionable way than pricking in the garter, for both are alike illegal, and, perhaps, that which is sanctioned by folly or fashion, the Legislature will visit with the severest punishment; and particularly in these luxurious times it behoves them to keep a watchful eye on this many-headed Hydra, before it attains too formidable an appearance, and bids defiance to their united power.

The hunter, whose whole pleasure centres in the sound of the horn, or the music of his dogs, is a son of casualty in the strictest sense, and produced in one of her most wanton freaks; he may discourse of the pleasures of the chase, and the exhilirating scene of horses, dogs, and men, joining in mutual cry to overtake the object of pursuit; he may relate the dangerous leaps he encountered, the hair-breadth'd escapes he had undergone, to be in at the death of the distressed animal, and conclude his animated description with an eulogium on our forefathers, for combining a recreation which delights the mind—sets the spirits above par—and paints the countenance with the rosy tints of health. This is very fine to recount over the bottle, and would almost make the valetudinarian a convert to the practice; but let us take one glance of the other side of the portrait, and view this same man panting with ardour to enjoy his favourite amusement, and in trim array mounting his courser to partake of the eager fray. In short, the stag is turned out, and dogs and men in full pursuit, flying over hedges, ditches, and breaking down every obstacle which obstructs their pleasures; when, probably, this second Nimrod or counterpart of Pistole, after performing several imaginary leaps, gets tumbled off his horse into a ditch or morass, where, with the lungs of a Stentor, he roars for assistance, which part of the field immediately rendered him, and afterwards placed him across his famed Driver's blood, exhibiting a ludicrous instance of the instability of human pleasures, and a sufficient damper to repress his flight in the regions of embellishment; which, indeed, his former occupations, and his mind being made of doughty stuff, never supplied him with the necessary ingredients to surmount the dangers of the chase.

The professed blackleg, who regularly attends every race course in the kingdom, and who subsists by preying on the credulity of the unwary, is a cancer to the turf; derervedly held in the greatest abhorrence. What a disgrace that such men should be suffered to fatten on the produce of the land, and to treat their superiors with supercilious contempt, by means of their ill-gotten wealth; in fact, gentlemen may engage their favourite racers in matches of great magnitude, bet vast sums of money on the event, and bring them to the post with a determination to win; but without great circumspection, the blackleg in the interim

terim will tamper with the groom, and induce him by *weighty* arguments to blast his master's future expectations, and partly involve him in ruin and dishonour. This evil cries aloud for reformation, for whether their privileges are real or spurious, Noblemen detest having them infringed upon by men of this description, who, it is well known, will stick at nothing, however disgraceful, to accomplish their infamous purposes. But after all, the character of a Greek is so despicable, and they are so liable from the caprices of fortune to be hurled from their eminence, and dragged before the fiery ordeal of public opinion, that they are scarcely worth bespattering with a serious invective; or sometimes for their misdeeds they receive salutary correction on the spot, and through the smoke of *exposé* being blown over them, they are necessarily excluded from their compeers in disgrace and infamy.

Though not within the province which I have assigned myself, I cannot resist *en passant*, that the *Sporting Magazine* should be backward in expressing its detestation of the disgraceful scene which a late *deluding* woman attempted to palm on the people of this enlightened nation. Such miscreants, I conceive to be *fair game*, which the pen of sarcasm should stigmatise with bitterest enmity; but how surprising that in this enlightened age, when literature is scattered throughout the earth, and men begin to feel their own importance, a deluded crack-brained woman of mean abilities, and scarcely acquainted with her own language, should denounce to the world that she was pregnant with the second Messiah, *alias* Shiloh; and to smooth the way to this most important event, to keep her infatuated followers on the tiptoe of expectation, she issues a farrago of nonsense, blasphemous against our very religion, yet exciting the risible faculties in an uncommon degree. We may talk of Spanish superstition and the influence of a bigotted priesthood, but when we hear of men really and devoutly from their hearts believing in these fallacies, and that being of the chosen race, God of his infinite goodness would, without the necessary pains to procure it, send them food in abundance, then it is impossible to point out one imposture that has so completely bubbled the people. In fact, it is wonderful that a woman of this stamp, with her pretended inspirations and polluting rhapsodies, should obtain followers, and those of a most respectable description, who were sticklers to the last for her spurious rights, and even with thoughtless vehemence proclaiming to the world that (our Saviour excepted) *she was the most spotless character that ever walked the earth.* Oh! what a falling off, that men of their abilities should surrender their intellects to an artful designing woman, to be converted as tools to effect her impious purposes. Let them, with the quickness of Atalanta, abandon these delusions, and join in the universal execration, which a discerning generation have heaped upon this imposture; and may it stand as an awful example to deter other false prophets from obtruding their bewildered pretensions on the world, and counteract their puny efforts to bring the established religion into disrespect; and finally, may it operate as a by-word of contempt

tempt among Englishmen, and root out that inconsistency of character for which we are famed throughout the civilised globe. So much for the claims of Joanna Southcott, and the imposture of which the kingdom rings from one extremity to the other.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Z. B.

February 15, 1815.

UNLAWFUL GAMING.

Action tried in the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, Saturday, Feb. 16, 1815.

Thistlewood *v.* Darley and Craycraft.

THIS was an action of *qui tam*, brought by a gentleman named John Thistlewood, Esq. against the defendants, to recover for himself, and the poor of the parish of St. James, Westminster, the amount of a sum won by the defendants at the unlawful game of hazard, at a public gaming-house, in St. James's-street, from the plaintiff's brother, being 840l. together with the penalties thereon, under the act of the 9th of Queen Anne, cap. 14.

Mr. Serjeant Copley, for the plaintiff, stated, that the reason why Mr. Thistlewood appeared before this Court to-day in the shape of a common informer was, that an action had already been brought in the name of his brother, who had lost this money to the defendant (but which money belonged to the plaintiff), and had failed through some informality; but as his brother could not pay him the money, he felt it his duty to take this mode of proceeding, rather than submit to the loss which he conceived to have occurred through a most improper advantage taken of his brother's inexperience.

The facts of the case were these:—The plaintiff, Mr. John Thistlewood, was a gentleman of respectability and property, residing out of town, where, having negociated the sale of a small estate, he sent his brother, Mr. Arthur Thistlewood, to London, to conclude the business, and receive the purchase money, which amounted to between 800l. and 900l. In the course of that day he had dined with a cheerful party, where he drank rather freely, and became in that state which rendered him very incapable of caution or control: he afterwards, at rather an unseasonable hour of the night, found himself by accident in a house in St. James's-street, eminent for the resort of persons addicted to deep play, and being full of money he speedily attracted the notice of some of those gentlemen who come to such places much better prepared by perfect sobriety and coolness to calculate the sums on which they stake their money; two of those gentlemen were Mr. Hill Darley and Mr. Craycraft. They soon fell into play with Mr. Thistlewood, and it was agreed that those two gentlemen should subscribe 50l. each to make a bank between them, which Mr. Thistlewood was to play against, and at the conclusion of this match of hazard, at six o'clock the following morning, Mr. Thistlewood found himself minus 840l. On the first return of sobriety and reflection, he was greatly distressed at losing the money in so imprudent a manner, which was not his own property but that of his brother, and he called on Mr. Craycraft, who received him very politely, but could not be prevailed on to restore

any

any part of the money. Mr. Darley he could not find. He in consequence brought his action against Craycraft, in the King's Bench, under the Act of Queen Anne, which empowers any one who has lost at one sitting by any unlawful game more than 10l. to recover the same by action. There was a verdict at the *Nisi Prius* for the plaintiff, but the King's Bench set aside the verdict afterwards, on account of some irregularity in the proceedings. Mr. Thistlewood afterwards put in a bill in equity, to which the defendants put in their answers: and Mr. Thistlewood, the plaintiff and real owner of the money, was ultimately obliged to bring this action in his own name, to avail himself of the Act of Anne to recover his property.

Mr. Arthur Thistlewood was then called and sworn, and deposed in evidence, that he is brother of the plaintiff, and went in the morning of the 13th of March last to the house, No. 77, St. James's-street. It is a house of common resort as a common gaming house. He met Mr. Craycraft and Mr. Darley there. He played at hazard with them. There was a bank made between them of 100l. He saw them talk together before the bank was made. He played with Craycraft, and paid when he lost as he went on, and he lost finally to the amount of 840l. He did not recollect any thing happening between Craycraft and Darley. He did not see them divide the money. They parted about *six* in the morning. He had received this money for his brother, as the purchase money of an estate.

Cross-examined by Mr. Serjeant Best.—The witness said he lost 400l. or 500l. at another gaming house the same night, No. 40, Pall-Mall. He never brought an action of *qui tam* on any gambling transaction but this one, nor any action against a Mr. Rubel. That matter was compounded, and he got back his money. He is of no business himself, but a man of small fortune. He knew the numbers of those two houses, being notorious for the business carried on there.—The Court advised the witness to avoid such places in future.

A witness was produced to prove that the bill in chancery had been filed against the defendants in the same case, with a view to read their answers in evidence; and the answers were read accordingly, in which each party admitted the circumstance of making the bank between them, as neither of them chose to hold wagers so high as those proposed by Mr. Thistlewood; and that on concluding the play, and counting the bank, they found they had won 840l.; but that part was to be paid to others of the company who had won collateral wagers on the play.

Mr. Serjeant Best, for the defence, objected to two points,—First, he denied that the answers of the defendants in equity were admissible evidence on a penal action of this sort; and secondly, that it was proved the writs and continuances under the first action were sufficiently connected, to bring the suit of the plaintiff within the twelve months required by the statute of Anne.

The Chief Justice promised to reserve those points for the subsequent consideration of the Court of Common Pleas.

The Jury found a verdict for plaintiff—Damages, 2,800l. subject to the consideration of the points above.

CAPT.

CAPT. WYATT'S GREYHOUNDS.

NOT being furnished in time to afford particulars of the two celebrated greyhounds, of which an exquisite engraving was given in our last month's Magazine, we insert the following, with which we have since been favoured:

Juniper and Jannette are so well known to coursing amateurs, that their names would be sufficient, without their pedigree. But for the information of those not so well acquainted with their origin, we give the following:—

Both the dog and bitch are from the celebrated stock of that renowned dog *Wonder*, bred by Mr. Mundy, in Derbyshire, probably the best greyhound that England ever produced. *Juniper* was out of an *own sister to Wonder*, by a famous dog of Mr. Swinfen, in Staffordshire. Jannette was by a son of Wonder, out of a celebrated bitch of Mr. Terry's, of Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire. The above greyhounds have run with great success in Norfolk, Suffolk, Staffordshire, and Cambridgeshire. Having been several years in Captain Wyatt's possession, he has bred from them, crossing with Norfolk blood, some very extraordinary and excellent greyhounds, viz. the dog Tickler, son of Juniper, out of Julia, bred by Captain Wyatt, has never yet been beaten, being now the property of Sir Albemarle Bertie, Bart. who last year, with that dog, won the cup at Newmarket, on the 2d of December, 1814.

In regard to the success which has attended the running of these two greyhounds, the owner, we understand, cannot speak with any degree of certainty, as to the precise number of matches won by either, or both. But they were never beaten under three years old, and since that period, have won more than thirty matches.—The pedigree of them above, is perfectly correct; and we have been instructed to say, without hesitation, that the blood of these greyhounds (now become very scarce), if equalled in the kingdom, is not to be surpassed, according to the judgment and opinion of the most renowned coursers.

It should be remarked, that the dog *Juniper is now nine years old*, and the bitch *Jannette, five*—they have done running, and are supplying Captain W. with *an invaluable* stock of greyhounds.

ON VETERINARIAN QUACKERY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

TWO letters, each signed, 'VERNATOR,' having lately appeared in a Sunday paper, imputing the slow progress made by the art of farriery in this country towards perfection, to the laxity of discipline at the Veterinary College, and the difference of systems and opinions professed and disseminated by Mr. Coleman and Mr. Moorcroft, I would call the attention of the public to another, and, in my opinion, more glaring cause, and that is, quackery: for, Sir, there are many empyrical geniuses among the doctors of cattle, as well as the doctors of mortal men and women. There are many gentlemen in the country, who after having, with no small pains and expence, picked up a parcel of nostrums, often set on and kill their own cattle with a pertinacity truly surprising, while the advice of

of veterinary surgeons, and *good veterinary surgeons* too, is neglected. But the principal shop is in London, where, without a particle of knowledge, or pretensions to any, either anatomical, chemical, or pharmaceutical, the nostrums are dealt out wholesale, and where they make new legs and feet to furnish the equiline tribe after the old ones are done. Such strange pretensions must be productive of great harm; and when it is considered how many of our young sportsmen are attached to novelty, the inventions of a veteran of their own class, are sure to be beheld with a regard truly distressing to the really well-wishers to the improvement of science, for, from such chimerical inventions, it is impossible that any thing good can arise. As well might an officer in the army, who barely knows a lancet from a bayonet, set up to doctor his men, because he commands them. If you allow this a corner, I shall endeavour to throw a little more light upon the subject in a future number, and am, Sir, your very humble servant,

VETERINARIUS.

Cirencester, Feb. 19, 1815.

COURSING MEETINGS.

SWAFFHAM, NORFOLK.

Tuesday, February 7, 1815.

FIRST WESTACRE FIELD.

Matches.

1. MR. Redhead's blk. and w. b. p. Lively, beat Mr. Upcher's brin. b. p. Penelope.

2. Mr. Redhead's blk. b. p. Luna, beat Mr. Upcher's blk. b. p. Parasol.

3. Mr. R. Hamond's bl. d. p. Scab, beat Mr. Upcher's blue d. p. Potluck.

4. Mr. Redhead's blk. b. p. Leveret, beat Mr. Upcher's blue d. a. Pioneer.

5. Mr. R. Hamond's bl. d. p. Stout, beat Mr. Upcher's bl. d. p. Prime.

6. Mr. Young's blue d. Vicar, beat Mr. N. Micklethwait's blk. b. a. Fanny.

7. Mr. N. Micklethwait's blk. b. p. Fly, beat Mr. R. Hamond's blk. d. p. Smolensko.

8. Mr. Upcher's blk. and w. d. Presto, beat Mr. R. Hamond's r. b. a Sophia.

CLEY FIELD, Wednesday, Feb. 8.

For the Couples.

1. Mr. Redhead's r. b. a. Lucy, beat Mr. Young's blk. d. Veto.

2. Mr. Upcher's blk. and w. d. Presto, beat Mr. R. Hamond's blue d. a. Slang.

Matches.

1. Mr. Young's bl. d. a. Vicar, beat Mr. Upcher's b. d. a. Potluck.

2. Mr. Redhead's blk. b. Leda, beat Mr. Upcher's Parisot.

3. Mr. Redhead's Lady, beat Mr. Upcher's Petworth.

4. Mr. N. Micklethwait's blk. b. Freedom, Mr. Redhead's blk. and w. d. p. Lively.—Undecided.

5. Mr. Redhead's Lydia, Mr. Upcher's bl. d. p. Prime.—Off.

NARBOROUGH FIELD, Thursday, February 9.

Matches.

1. Mr. Redhead's blk. and w. b. Leda, beat Admiral Wilson's blk. d. Orlando.

2. Mr. N. Micklethwait's bl. b. Freedom, Admiral Wilson's blk. and w. b. Omphale.—Undecided.

3. Mr N. Micklethwait's blk. b. Fanny, beat Mr. H. Redhead's Vaunowitzy.

 4. Ad-

4. Admiral Wilson's r. d. p. Orion, beat Mr. Redhead's blk. b. p. Leveret.

5. Admiral Wilson's d. p. Orthis, beat Mr. Young's bl. d. Vicar.

6. Admiral Wilson's blk. d. Orpheus, beat Mr. H. Redhead's blk. b. Yonder.

7. Mr. Young's bl. d. Vulcan, beat Admiral Wilson's Othello.

8. Mr. N. Micklethwait's blk. b. Fly, Mr. Redhead's blk. d. Luna. —No course.

SECOND WESTACRE FIELD, Friday, February 10.

For the Couples.

Mr. Redhead's r. b. a. Lucy, beat Mr. Upcher's blk. and w. d. a. Presto, and won the Couples.

Matches.

1. Mr. Young's blk. d. a. Veto, beat Admiral Wilson's d. b. a. Orthis.

2. Mr. R. Hamond's (Colonel Dixon's) a. b. Beauty, paid forfeit Mr. R. Hammond's bl. d. Slang.

3. Mr. R. Hamond's bl. d. p. Stout, beat Admiral Wilson's d. p. Orlando.

4. Mr. N. Micklethwait's blk. b. Fanny, beat Mr. R. Hamond's Slender Sally.

5. Admiral Wilson's blk. and w. b. Omphale, Mr. Young's blk. d. Vulcan.—Undecided.

6. Mr. Redhead's blk. and w. b. p. Lively, beat Mr. R. Hamond's Sweep.

7. Adm. Wilson's bl. d. Orpheus, beat Mr. N. Micklethwait's blk. b. Fly.

8. Mr. R. Hamond's d. p. Silver, beat Mr. Redhead's blk. and wh. b. p. Lydia.

9. Mr. R. N. Micklethwait's bl. b. Freedom, Mr. R. Hamond's (Colonel Dixon's) b. Fly, paid forfeit.

10. Mr. N. Micklethwait's bl. b. Freedom, beat Mr. R. Hamond's bl. d. Slang.

BRADWELL, ESSEX.

The Bradwell Coursing Club, had their two last days on Tillingham Marshes, Essex, where they coursed more than forty brace of hares, which being generally stout, afforded excellent sport. There were not less than as many brace of greyhounds on the ground, amongst which the *Miller* blood maintained its celebrity.

Matches run on Tillingham Marshes, Feb. 7, 1815.

1. Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Venus, against Mr. C. Parker's blue b. Stella.—Undecided.

2. Mr. Kortwright's blk. puppy, beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. and w. puppy.

3. Mr. C. Parker's blue dog Comet, beat Mr. Vachell's blk. d. Promise.

4. Mr. P. Wright's blue d. Volunteer, against Mr. Thomas Bygrave's red b. Comet.—Undecided.

5. Mr. Kortwright's blue d. Emperor, beat Mr. P. Wright's blue d. Venture.

6. Mr. P. Wright's blk. and w. b. Violet, beat Mr. Vachell's blue and w. b. Pet.

7. Mr. Kortwright's r. and w. d. Crown Prince, beat Mr. C. Parker's blk. b. Nell.

8. Mr. J. Bygrave's blue and w. d. Whiskey, beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Virtu.

9. Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. and w. d. Snap, beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Vulcan.

10. Mr. Kortwright's blue b. Kiss, beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Violante.

11. Mr. P. Wright's blk. puppy, beat Mr. Kortright's blk. puppy.

12. Mr.

12. Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. and w. b. Van, beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Vixen.

13. Mr. Vachell's blk. d. Promise, beat Mr. J. Bygrave's blue and w. d. Whiskey.

14. Mr. Kortright's blue b. Kiss, beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Vixen.

15. Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Virtu, against Mr. C. Parker's blue d. Comet.—Undecided.

16. Mr. Kortright's blk. puppy, beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. and w. puppy.

17. Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Violante, beat Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. and w. d. Snap.

18. Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. and w. d. Snap, beat Mr. P. Wright's blue d. Venture.

19. Mr. C. Parker's blue b. Stella, against Mr. Thomas Bygrave's r. d. Comet.—Undecided.

Matches run on Tillingham and Bradwell Marshes, Feb. 8, 1815.

1. Mr. Kortright's r. and w. d. Crown Prince, against Mr. C. Parker's blue d. Comet.—Undecided.

2. Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. puppy, against Mr. Kortright's blk. b. puppy.—Undecided.

3. Mr. C. Parker's blk. b. Nell, beat Mr. Vachell's blue and w. b. Pet.

4. Mr. P. Wright's blue d. Volunteer, beat Mr. Thomas Bygrave's red b. Comet.

5. Mr. Kortwright's blue and w. d. Emperor, against Mr. John Bygrave's blk. and w. b. Van.—Undecided.

6. Mr. C. Parker's blue b. Stella, beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Vixen.

7. Mr. Kortright's blue b. Kiss, beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. and w. b. Violet.

8. Mr. John Bygrave's blue and w. d. Whiskey, beat Mr. Haselfoot's r. d. Hector.

9. Mr. Vachell's blk. d. Promise, beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Virtu.

10. Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. and w. d. Snap, beat Mr. P. Wright's blue d. Venture.

11. Mr. J. Bygrave's d. and w. b. Nimble, beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Venus.

12. Mr. C. Parker's blue b. Stella, beat Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. and w. d. Snap.

13. Mr. Kortright's r. and w. d. Crown Prince, beat Mr. C. Parker's blue d. Comet.

14. Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. and w. b. Van, beat Mr. Kortright's blue and w. d. Emperor.

15. Mr. C. Parker's blue dog Comet, beat Mr. Kortright's r. and w. d. Crown Prince.

The Fugitive Coursing Meeting, consisting of a select party of Essex sportsmen, closed their Newmarket diversion on Saturday, the 18th instant, upon General Jefferson's lands, having the two preceding days enjoyed very fine sport on his Grace the Duke of Rutland's *Cheveley*, and Mr. Tharpe's *Chippenham* fields. Not less than twenty-five brace of dogs were on the ground each day, which, being well matched, and the hares running stout, afforded the finest coursing of the season.

On Thursday, the 9th instant, a large party of gentlemen and others, assembled on Sherborn Wold, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, to witness a match of greyhounds which had been so much talked of there, between Mr. Tindall's black dog Sancho (who won the Flixton Cup), and Major Topham's white dog Friend, when Sancho not being thought in sufficient order to warrant the starting

ing him, the match was forfeited to Major Topham's dog.

After this, the following matches were run :—

Major Topham's white b. Lucy, beat Mr. Downer's brin. and white. —A very fine course of nearly two miles—the hare killed by Lucy.

Mr. Tindall's bl. b. Fly beat Major Topham's Lochinvar. The race was very near, but won in a very handsome style at the close by the bitch, but the hare gained her course.

The last match was won by Major Topham's blue b. Riot agst Mr. Tindall's Gipsy. The hare killed by Riot, a cross of Lord Rivers's breed.

After these matches had been run up, it was the wish of the company assembled, to see Friend run a course; on which his sheets were taken off, and he was started against Regent, a blue dog of Major Topham's, brother to Riot.—The hare proved an uncommonly good one, and crossed two very steep hills in her course, which lasted nearly three miles, after innumerable turns, when Regent stood still, and Friend at length killed the hare by himself.

It was the general opinion of the company, that all that had been said of this dog, as to symmetry, speed, and bottom, were well merited. He was got by Mr. Best's Snowdrop, the last son of old Snowball.

MID LOTHIAN COURSING CLUB.

THE Mid Lothian Coursing Club, after many adjournments, in consequence of unfavourable weather, held a meeting at the Roman Camp, on the 11th, for the purpose of finishing the match for the cup given at their autumn meeting. Three courses were run, and the sport was excellent.

Third Class for the Cup.

Mr. Græme's bl. b. Needle, beat Mr. Baron Clerk's y. d. Salamanca —(Hare killed.)

Mr. James Dalrymple's bl. d. Czar, beat the Chief Baron's bl. b. Wasp.

Fourth Class.

Mr. Græme's Needle, beat Mr. James Dalrymple's Czar, and carried the cup—(Hare killed.)

ASHDOWN PARK COURSING MEETING, FEB. 14.

THERE was a good attendance of Members of the Club at Lambourn, among whom were Lord Rivers, Earl of Craven, Mr. Northey, M. P. Captain Clayton, and others. The weather proving fine, there were very large fields of sportsmen each day, who witnessed some of the longest and finest courses that ever were seen, though there were not so many courses as usual.

For the Cup and Couples.

Sir J. Throckmorton's Gelart, beat Mr. Pettat's Poll.

Mr. C. Coxe's Champion, beat Mr. E. Cripps's Calypso.

Captain Clayton's Zelia, beat Mr. Northy's Nimrod.

Mr. Loveden's Leader, beat Mr. Davenport's Dotterel.

Mr. Goodlake's Guinea Pig, beat Mr. Cripps's Cream.

Mr. Isherwood's Inquest, beat Lord Rivers's Richard.

Ties for the Cup.

Mr. Coxe's Champion, beat Sir J. Throckmorton's Gelart.

Mr. Loveden's Leader, beat Captain Clayton's Zelia.

Mr. Goodlake's Guinea Pig, beat Mr. Isherwood's Inquest.

The

The three winners started together the second day.

Mr. Goodlake's Guinea Pig, beat Mr. C. Coxe's Champion, and Mr. Loveden's Leader.

Mr. C. Coxe's Champion, beat Mr. Loveden's Leader.

Mr. Goodlake's Guinea Pig won the Cup, and

Mr. C. Coxe's Champion won the Couples.

Matches.

Mr. Isherwood's Ivory paid forfeit to Mr. Goodlake's Gelart, five guineas.

Many matches were run, but Lord Rivers's six dogs maintained their character for excellence.

GRAND COURSING MEETING.—Thursday, the 16th, a large party of sportsmen from Reading, Windsor, Maidenhead, and intermediate places, met at Moulsford, to decide some considerable bets.—They entered the field with *seventeen* greyhounds, all said to be of the first breed in the kingdom, and among them the celebrated dog from Burghfield, and Nelson, a remarkably large red one. Plenty of hares were found, and *twenty-seven* fine runs ensued, but not a hare was killed, nor in a single instance were the dogs able to come near their game ! ! ! The bets, of course, remained in *statu quo.*

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF DORSET.

THIS amiable and high spirited young Nobleman most unhappily lost his life, while hunting in Ireland on Tuesday, the 14th instant. His Grace was passionately addicted to the sports of the field, and in all the fox-hunts in England was distinguished as a very bold rider. The particulars of his death are thus stated :—

The Duke of Dorset had been on a visit to Lord Powerscourt, and on Tuesday, the 14th instant, joined a hunting party in the vicinity of Killiney. His Grace was an adventurous horseman, and entered warmly into the spirit of the chase; towards its close, and when his horse was a good deal fatigued by the ardour with which he had been urged forward, his Grace leaped a small stone wall, at the opposite side of which loose stones had been collected. The horse effected the leap, but fell among the stones, on which he necessarily alighted, and his rider was consequently thrown off.

His Grace, it seems, came to the ground on his breast, with so great a shock, as proved fatal a short period after. He was unconscious of having been materially injured, for in reply to a question from Lord Powerscourt, who was near at the time of the accident, "If he was much hurt?" his Grace said, "he believed not." He was immediately taken to the house of Mr. Oxley, from which a messenger was instantly dispatched to Dublin for surgeons Crampton and Macklin. Before their arrival, however, though they travelled with every possible expedition, the Duke had expired. He lived little better than an hour after the fatal event took place. The Hon. Mr. Wingfield, Lord Powerscourt's brother, and Mr. Oxley, were with him when he died. The sad catastrophe was not accompanied with any apparent symptoms of very acute suffering—he raised himself up by their assistance, as a last effort of life, and said, almost inarticulately, "I am off," and expired.

His

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and the Duchess of Dorset, had been acquainted with the circumstance of the Duke of Dorset's having fallen from his horse as expeditiously as it was practicable to have made the communication, and set off for Powerscourt, where they expected to have found his Grace. Not meeting with him, or learning any thing certain respecting the injury he had received, at Powerscourt, they moved rapidly on towards Killiney, where his Excellency was apprized of the extent of the calamity which had happened, timely enough to prevent the Duchess of Dorset from being a witness of it. Overwhelmed with the poignancy of their feelings, these illustrious personages returned to Dublin, whither the body of the Duke of Dorset was conveyed, in Lord Powerscourt's carriage. In consequence of this lamentable event, the ode, levee, and ball to celebrate her Majesty's birth-day, were postponed.

The Duke of Dorset came of age only on the 15th November, 1814, on which occasion grand entertainments were given at Knole, in Kent. His Grace having left no brother, the dukedom of Dorset, and the titles of Earl of Middlesex, &c. descend to Viscount Sackville. The facts with respect to the succession are curious. By the settlement of Lady Betty Germain, the estates of Drayton, &c. worth 25,000l. a year, go now to the Hon. George Germain, in consequence of Lord Sackville's becoming Duke of Dorset. But it is by the sudden death of the late amiable Duke alone that Lord Sackville acquires any part of the Dorset estate with the title; for the young Duke had given orders to his legal advisers to prepare the deeds, that he might suffer a recovery of the Dorset estate previous to the making of his will, which would probably have divided it between his Grace's sisters, the Countesses of Plymouth and Delawar—but the young Duke had not appeared before the Barons of Exchequer, and consequently the settlement is not made. Lord Sackville, therefore, gets the Dorset estates with the titles. They are worth 17,000l. or 18,000l. a year—so that he loses, after all, 5000l. or 6000l. a year by his exaltation. The present Duke of Dorset is a bachelor. His brother, now Lord George Germain, is lately married.

The short period which the Duke of Dorset had mixed in the public world was not sufficient to afford a general acquaintance with his character; but those who, in a more contracted circle, had an opportunity of knowing his Grace, represent him as possessing the best qualities of heart and understanding—cordial, gentle, and affable in deportment—generous and friendly in sensibility, and liberal and manly in judgment—promising, at a future period, to be conspicuous in talent, as well as in high station.

The lamented death of the young Duke of Dorset, is the third fatal loss which has been sustained by three illustrious families from hunting within a few years; viz. the Marquis of Tavistock, Lord Mountstuart, and the promising young Nobleman whose death we have just related.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The following particulars are furnished by a Gentleman, who was present on the melancholy occasion:—

"His Grace arrived at Powerscourt,

court, on Monday, with intent to stay for the hunt on Thursday, and then return to Dublin, to attend the ball. Killiney was the place fixed for the hunt, and until within a few moments of the fatal accident, they had no sport. The party, thus disappointed, were meditating to return home, and the Duke, who was extremely fond of hunting, regretted it so much, he proposed to resume the chase early on the next day. Just then they found. The huntsman passed the unfortunate spot, and the Duke, full of ardour, followed. It was a kind of double ditch, about six feet wide, with a wall about two feet high, and not considered a dangerous leap; but the ditch proved rotten and gave way. The horse went with it, and the animal in an exertion to save himself, fell a second time upon the Duke. His Grace attempted to walk, but could not. He was carried to the nearest house, that of a Mr. Farrell. Lord Powerscourt asked him if he was much hurt; he put his hand to his chest, and answered that it gave him great pain, and begged them not to talk to him. Lord Powerscourt sent off to Dublin for surgeons Macklin and Crampton, and hastened to Powerscourt for the carriage. Mr. Wingfield, his Lordship's brother, remained with him. He did not appear to be in much pain. He asked Mr. Wingfield how soon they should return to Powerscourt, and some other unimportant questions. A pause ensued, and in about twenty minutes after the departure of Lord Powerscourt, he expired without the slightest struggle. Mr. W. did not know it, until some person observed, "He's off." His countenance wore no indication of death, except a paleness and a slight film over his eyes. Lord Whitworth and the Duchess of Dorset, now arrived. They had been previously at Powerscourt, where they expected to have found him. They had reached Powerscourt, a distance of more than fifteen English miles, in one hour. Although Lord Powerscourt had previously reached home, they could obtain no satisfactory intelligence there. Either the family were themselves imperfectly informed, or they had not resolution to communicate the fatal event to the Duchess. All they knew was, that his Grace had received a severe fall from his horse. On their arrival at Killiney, Mr. Wingfield ran to meet the carriage, with a view to break it to Lord Whitworth, and save the Duchess from the dreadful shock of a sudden disclosure; but before he got up, Lord Whitworth had alighted, and the Duchess was stepping out of the carriage. There was now no time for management. — The Duchess would have been up stairs in a moment where the body lay, and to prevent the sad scene, Mr. Wingfield was obliged to disclose the fatal truth to his Lordship.

To his mother the Duke was all this world. She talked of nothing but her Frederick, and it was always with reluctance she suffered him to be out of her presence. The emotions of such a mother I must not attempt to describe. The Duchess and Lord Whitworth immediately returned to Dublin. The friendship between his Grace and Lord Powerscourt commenced when they were boys at school together at Harrow.—The body of the Duke, after lying in state, was conveyed in melancholy procession to the water side, and there put on board a packet for England.

PUGILISM.

IN our last Number, page 188, we recorded the feats of two sailors, named Scroggins and Croxley, at Coombe Warren. After the specimens of courage then displayed, it was not expected pugilists of their own weight would seek to encounter such formidable candidates for the fighting list.—Knowlesworthy has been challenged by Scroggins without producing a combat; but another of the doughty fraternity, of the name of Manby, on Monday, the 18th instant, entered the ring, with Croxley, at Willsdon-green, where a roped ring of 25 feet was formed. At two o'clock the combatants stripped, but the brawny hide of the hardy tar bore no resemblance to the delicate skin of the baker. Oliver seconded Croxley, and the bottle-holder was Scroggins. Manby was seconded by H. Harmer and Paddington Jones.—Betting 6 to 4 on the sailor.

It would be impossible to give the rounds of this severe fight in detail. They consisted of 126, which occupied two hours. In the first round the baker made two short hits, and slipped up without mischief on either side. Two blows were exchanged in the second round, but the ground was slippery, and the baker went down by accident. In the third round, the baker having got his proper length, he hit out and drew first blood with his left hand on the head, and knocked the sailor down with his right. Jack looked smilingly about him, and went in again undauntedly to the fight. The fourth round was also in favour of the baker, who [planted a heavy blow which forced much blood again. Betting was now 6 to 4 on the baker, but the odds fluctuated materially every ten minutes, for the state of the ground was such that there was no certainty in planting blows. The seventh was a good rallying round, and the sailor received a severe blow on the neck, which caused much blood to flow inwardly from the ear throughout the battle. Croxley turned the odds in his favour again after this, and kept it until the 84th round by determined fighting, each having made a gallant struggle. The baker took the lead again for several rounds after the 84th, and he gave his adversary two very clean cross-buttocks.

In the 100th round both were so exhausted that they went down upon their faces, and were unable, from weakness, to extricate themselves without the assistance of their seconds. The baker got weak soon after this, and Croxley won at last, but with much difficulty. Both men shewed determined courage throughout the fight, and weight brought the sailor through.

A second battle was fought between two hackney coachmen.

DUEL BETWEEN COL. QUENTIN AND COL. PALMER.

"*Paris, Feb.* 3, 1815.

"IN consequence of the annexed letter from Colonel Quentin to Colonel Palmer, received yesterday evening by the latter on his arrival at Paris, a meeting took place between the parties this morning, at twelve o'clock, at the Barriere de l'Etoile, the former attended by Mr. Lawrell, the latter by Mr. Thompson. It was agreed that they should fire together, with Colonel Q.'s pistol, at the distance

tance of twelve paces. The word was given by Mr. Lawrell; Colonel P. received his adversary's fire, then cocked his pistol, and discharged it in the air. Mr. Thompson enquired if Colonel Quentin was satisfied, who, after consulting with his second, answered, 'Yes, certainly;' whereupon the parties separated.

"The above is a correct statement of all that passed at the meeting, which is given to avoid misrepresentation.

"*Paris, Jan.* 3, 1815.

"SIR—The manner in which you have reflected on my character, not only during the proceedings on the Court-Martial, but since also, has been such as to make it impossible but that you must have intentionally meant to give me cause to seek satisfaction at your hands, and have expected such a result. If I am right in so judging, I must on my part assure you, that it has ever been my determination not to disappoint your expectations.—Aware of your avowed intention to proceed to France, and unwilling (most especially in my peculiar situation) to transgress the laws, both civil and military, of the country in which I have found protection, I anxiously awaited the period of your departure. I have followed you to this country, and I now call upon you as a soldier, a man of honour, and a gentleman, either to disavow the gross insinuations you have given to the world as to my want of personal courage, or by meeting me, to give me an opportunity of proving how false they have been. I am, your humble servant,

"G. QUENTIN."

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

"Col. Palmer, who, after a short stay at Paris, had gone through France as far as Bourdeaux, on a tour of business or pleasure, found, on his return to the French capital on Thursday last, that Mr. Lawrell had been several times at his residence to inquire after him. Col. Palmer immediately notified his arrival to Mr. Lawrell, who demanded a meeting on behalf of Col. Quentin. Col. Palmer instantly assented to the demand, notwithstanding the dissuasive representations of several distinguished authorities, including letters found on his table from high and honourable personages, among whom was the Earl St. Vincent, impressing the length of time that elapsed, the impropriety of admitting the discharge of a public duty to be a ground of challenge, &c. Col. Palmer obeyed the impulse of his own feelings, and, agreeing at once to the demand of the meeting, time and place were fixed, and on Friday morning, the 3d inst. the meeting took place near Paris. Col. Quentin was attended, as second, by Mr. Lawrell; Col. Palmer by Thomas Thompson, Esq. M. P. for Hull. It was agreed that the parties should take their ground at the distance of twelve paces. Col. Quentin fired first, without effect. Col. Palmer then discharged his pistol in the air; upon which Mr. Thompson asked Mr. Lawrell if he was satisfied? Mr. Lawrell having answered in the affirmative, Col. Palmer put a similar question to Col. Quentin, who returned a similar answer. The parties then left the ground. The Duke de Guiche, late Captain Grammont, of the 10th hussars, who, it was known, participated very strongly in the general sentiments of the officers of that corps, touching the matters

matters that furnished the grounds of the Court-Martial, although his engagements at the French Court did not permit him to attend personally, to give his evidence; and his written answers to the interrogatories sent to him were not allowed by Col. Quentin to be read; offered his services to Col. Palmer, to be his second. But Col. Palmer, knowing that the King of France wished that gallant young Nobleman not to take any part in the affair, declined the offer, and chose Mr. Thompson. The Duke de Guiche went to the ground, however, in his carriage, accompanied by one of the most eminent surgeons in Paris, to assist in the event of any casualty.

EXTRAORDINARY WAGER.

A Most extraordinary performance took place this month, at the Bedford Arms, Sloane-street, Knightsbridge. A journeyman baker, of the name of Walker, now living with Mr. Warden, a baker, in New-street, Knightsbridge, undertook for a wager which was offered him by a gentleman in the same neighbourhood, of fifty guineas to ten, that he could not stand upon one leg for twelve hours, which the baker accepted. A square piece of carpet was nailed in the centre of the room, and the time fixed was three o'clock in the afternoon, when the baker made his appearance without shoes, coat, or hat, and exhibited upon his right leg. After standing eight hours and a half, before a great number of people, the gentleman, seeing the agony the baker appeared to encounter with, offered him one-half of the wager to relinquish the bet; but, to the great astonishment of the spectators, the baker refused, saying, he would have the whole, or try for it; the perspiration then running off him like rain, he still persisted, when the bets were fifty to one against him. After having performed the wonderful task, which ended three minutes after the stipulated time, he was put into a chair, and carried home.—*(From the Public Ledger Daily Paper.)*

CURLING MATCH.

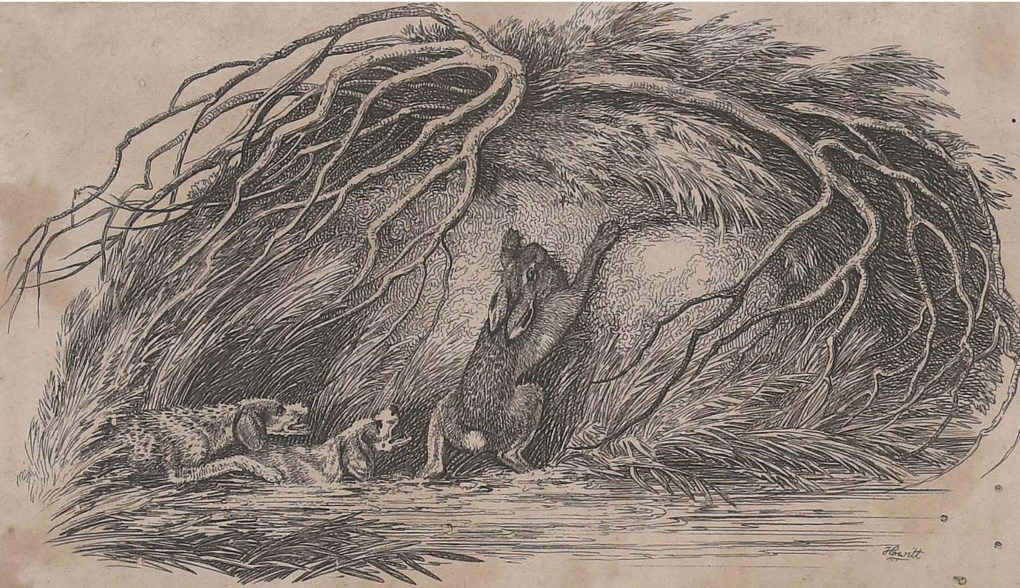
ON Wednesday, the 25th ult. a curling match took place at Sorn, North Britain, betwixt the parishes of Auchinleck and Sorn, consisting of eighty-one players on each side. The day being fair, and the ice hard, great dexterity and science were displayed on both sides, and the palm of victory seemed to hang suspended betwixt the two parties for a considerable time; at length the long successful curlers of Auchinleck were forced to yield to those of Sorn, the Sorn people gaining seven games out of nine, and twenty-one shots on the whole. Great praise is due to the Catrine division, consisting of four rack, each beating their opponents in a very superior style, being no fewer than thirty shots a-head of their antagonists. The curlers of Auchinleck have claimed the superiority of all their neighbouring parishes for about fifty years.

DEAD RUN HARE AND BEAGLES, IN A DITCH,

A spirited Etching, by HOWITT,

TO FACE THIS PAGE.

FEAST



DEAD RUN HARE & BEAGLES IN A DITCH.

Published Feby. 28th 1818 by J. Wheble 18 Warwick Square London.

FEAST OF WIT.

NEW PANTOMIME.—We understand there has been presented to the Manager of Covent-Garden a new drama, which the author has entitled, "*The Court of Chancery.*" The outline of the fable is to this effect:—The piece opens with a large monster, with an immense mouth and claws, which extend all over the stage, and draw at last all characters that appear into its large stomach. The scene then changes, and you are presented with a number of *little demons* in great wigs, who appear to be fighting and scratching each other over an immense plum-pudding, and which opens after all the plums are gone, and out come the skeletons of all the *dramatis personæ*, whom the monster had swallowed, but reduced to so diminutive a state as scarcely to be visible. The tricks are very numerous, and said to be uncommonly good, but the *pantomime*, in compliment to the name, is very *long*.

A PROPRIETOR of one of the short stages from town, who drives his own coach, and who is notoriously in the habit of making a long journey in the afternoon, by stopping to take tea, and entertaining himself in other ways on the road, meeting a gentleman in town whom he had brought with him the day before, accosted him with—"Sir, I shall be glad to take you back this afternoon." To which the gentleman replied—"No, coachee, I happen to be in a hurry, so I shall *walk*."

AN Artist of eminence has recently finished a Drawing, which has excited the admiration of the *Sporting* world. It is a strong likeness of a well-known *dashing* young man of rank and fortune, driving his *chere amie* and *bloods*. The landscape is St. George's Fields, with a distant view of the *King's Bench Prison*. Under which he has neatly written, "This is allowed to be a *very good portrait*, but a shocking *bad prospect!*"

WIT IN HIGH LIFE.—A northern wit, a few days ago, accompanied a dashing family of fashion on a visit to a museum of curiosities in the city, where it is the custom of the keeper to open a box containing a human skeleton. A lady of the party, remarkable for the number of her lovers, shrunk with fear at this unexpected display of frail mortality. "Don't be afraid, my dear Madam," says the wag, "If you can guard yourself from the dangers of the *flesh*, I'll protect you from the *bones*."

KING JAMES I.—To his other titles he might have added those of King of Pedants, and Professor of Punning. He was as remarkable for his love of a pun, as for his hatred to a drawn sword, or a pipe of tobacco. When he visited the University of Cambridge, he heard two noted preachers, Sir Isaac Wake and Mr. Sleep. "I am inclined to *sleep*," said he, "when I hear *Wake*, and to *wake* when I hear *Sleep*."

A PRO-

A PROFESSOR of *craniology* passing the other morning through a church-yard near town, while they were opening some old graves, took up several skulls, and affected to distinguish very accurately the characters of their owners. "This, now," said the Professor, "belonged to a philosopher." "Like enough, your Honour," replied the grave-digger, "for I see 'tis a bit *cracked*."

HOAX.—Mr. Lewes, of Chichester, lately gave an elegant ball and supper, to which all the officers of the 18th Huzzars quartered there were invited, and for which they were fully dressed; but while taking their dinner in the mess-room, a letter was brought by a servant, addressed generally, stating, that in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mr. Lewes, the ball and supper were unavoidably postponed. This was a severe disappointment to all the parties, as some of the ladies were obliged to sit down for want of partners, and the officers to sacrifice to *Bacchus* instead of *Venus*. The next morning the trick was discovered, and a reward of ten guineas offered for the discovery of the *wag*.

EPIGRAM,

Translated from the French.

A certain Abbot, as they say,
Not the best preacher of his day,
Having, a thing he seldom miss'd,
Once preach'd upon his patron's feast,
Said to his man, when he had done,
"How didst thou like my sermon, John?
—Nay, do not flatter me, but quick,
Whate'er thou really thinkest, speak."
"Why then, if I must speak my mind,"
Said John, "though I've no fault to find,
Yet, in my judgment it is clear,
You did much better, Sir, last year."
—"Last year, thou blockead! by St. Paul,
I swear I did not preach at all."
"'Tis for that reason, Sir, I say,
You did much better than to-day."

A GIRL of Lombardy running after her she-ass, which was in haste to get up to her foal, passed a gentleman on the road, who seeing her look very buxom, and having a mind to be witty, called out, "whence do you come sweetheart?" "From Villejuiff, Sir," said she. "From Villejuiff," answered the gentleman; "do you know the daughter of Nicholas Guillot who lives there?" "Very well," replied the girl. "Be so kind then," returned he, "as to carry her a kiss from me"—and throwing his arms about her neck, was about to salute her. "Hold, Sir," cried the wench, disentangling herself from his rude embrace —"since you are in such a hurry, it will be better to kiss my ass, as she will be there some time before me."

Anecdote from an American Newspaper, called the New-York Evening Post.—"An American Officer who carried a flag over to the British lines, after having dispatched the business of his mission, was invited by the British Commanding Officer to dinner. As usual, the wine was circulated, and a British officer being called upon for a toast, gave Mr. Madison, 'dead or alive,' which the Yankee drank without appearing to notice. When it came to the Yankee's turn to give a toast, he gave the P—— R——, 'drunk or sober.'—'Sir,' said the British Officer, bristling up and colouring with anger, 'that is an insult.'—'No, Sir,' answered the American, very coolly, 'it is only a reply to one.'"

A RESPECTABLE glass-cutter, carrying along the Strand an elegant argand lamp in each hand, acci-

accidentally let one of them fall; a friend, an incorrigible punster, who was passing at the moment, immediately exclaimed—"My dear fellow, how I lament to see you reduced to the unfortunate state of being a *lamp-lighter*."

Metropolitan Commitments, transmitted by a punning Correspondent.—Thomas *Peck*, alias *Down*, charged with stealing a *Goose*, and committed to the *Poultry*.—James *Quick*, alias *Nimble* Jemmy, who had long escaped the vigilance of the Bailiffs, gone to the *Fleet*.—William and Richard *Galloway*, for stealing a *Mare and Foal*, committed (to take their trials in Surrey) to *Horsemonger-lane*.—Jonathan *Love*, for running away and leaving his wife and child chargeble to the parish, ordered to be confined in *Bride*well.—Charles *Curry*, ostler at the Running Horse Livery Stables, sentenced to six months solitary confinement in *Cold-Bath*-fields, for inhumanly *ducking* a boy in the stable yard.

A *musical composer* having been asked, if he had done any thing lately, replied, "that his last work was a *composition*—with his creditors."

THE *Hottentot Venus* is reported to have turned her back on this country, in consequence of being somewhat slighted by a military man, who, in the shape of a drummer, had paid his devoirs to her; by the hand of a friend, she thus apostrophized to her Adonis:—

"Ah! thus to leave me—cruel and unkind—
Nor cast one longing, lingering look—*behind!*"

A POOR sailor, who had made many fruitless attempts to obtain prize-money at Somerset-place, exclaimed, it was not the first time he had been *Strand*-ed.

EPIGRAM.

Loud bray'd an Ass—cried Kate, to jeer
Her spouse,—with giddy carriage,
"*One of your relatives* I hear;"
"Yes, love," said he, "*by Marriage*."

A GENTLEMAN of no fortune having married a rich lady of no character, a wit observed, that the one married for a *coat*, and the other for a *cloak*.

ON THE HIGH PRICE OF PORTER.

Some think that porter should come *down*,
That all may get a sup;
But every man of sense must own,
Beer's nothing if not *up*.

HOUR-GLASSES were formerly as common in pulpits as cushions are now. Daniel Burgess, of whimsical memory, never preached without one; and he frequently saw it out three times during one sermon. In a discourse which he once delivered at theConventicle, in Russel-court, against drunkenness, some of his hearers began to yawn; he turned his time-keeper, and, altering the tone of his voice, desired they would be patient a while longer, for he had much more to say against drunkenness: "Therefore," added he, "my brethren, we will have another glass, and then—"

ROYAL BOUNTY.—The following is an extract from an authentic MS. relative to the private expences of Edward II.:—"Item, The 11th day of March, paid to James St. Albans, the King's painter, who danced before the King on a table, and made him laugh heartily, being a gift by the King's own hands, in aid of him, his wife, and children, 1l. 1s.!"

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. Stephenson, of Richmond, Yorkshire, has sold his stallion, *Young L'Orient*, to Mr. Sweetman, of Corsham, Wilts. He was got by L'Orient, dam by Beningbrough, Drone, Dux, out of Snapdragon, by Snap.—*L'Orient* was got by Star, out of Abigail, by Woodpecker, and is a favourite stallion in the neighbourhood of Leicester.

AT the breeding hovels of Mr. Dinsdale, in Middleham, near Richmond, Yorkshire, on Tuesday the 7th instant, at four o'clock in the afternoon, died the celebrated stallion BENINGBROUGH, rising 24 years of age. He was buried under the mulberry-tree in front of Mr. Dinsdale's house.—He was got by King Fergus; his dam by King Herod; grandam, Pyrrha, by Match'em, out of Mr. Fenwick's Duchess, by Lord Portmore's Whitenose (a son of the Godolphin Arabian and Childers). Beningbrough was allowed by the late Mr. John Hutchinson to be a nearer model of his grandsire (King Herod), than any other horse in the kingdom.

THE shooting season which has just closed, has been less productive of sport than any year in remembrance. On the moors, the breeds of grouse were very few. In many counties partridges were scarcely seen, and in no year whatever have there been so very few flights of woodcocks and snipes. It will require all the attention of the sportsmen in different counties, during the ensuing breeding season, to recruit the game up to a promise of future sporting.

SIR Mark Sykes, it is said, intends selling his *crack* pack of Yorkshire fox-hounds at the close of the present season, and bring his whole hunting establishment to the hammer.

THE members of the Limerick Hunt have had a general meeting, at which it was resolved, for the better insuring of their sport, to increase the breed of foxes, by taking ground, to be fenced round and sown with furze for covers; 250l. was immediately subscribed.

MR. Watt, it is said, has refused six thousand guineas for Altisidora. Eclipse was purchased for fifteen hundred.

MR. Lucas's Erebus, by Young Whiskey, having received a hurt in the stable, has been disposed of to the Rev. J. Boyse, of Withypoole, a well-known follower of the Devon stag-hounds, to whom he will, no doubt, form a valuable hunter.

WE understand that the four-years-old handicap for the York August Meeting, will be run for on the Monday, instead of the Friday, otherwise it would have interfered with the subscription for four-year-olds on Friday; and the handicap for five-year-olds and upwards, will be run for on the Friday, instead of the Monday.

BRUSSELS

Brussels continues a scene of much gaiety, from the number of English at present there. A stag hunt has been established, at the head of which is his Grace the Duke of Richmond—the uniform scarlet. The hounds are out regularly twice a week, before a numerous field of sportsmen.

From the Gazette de France, Feb. 6.—"At the conclusion of a hunting party, at which the Duke of Richmond and several other English of distinction, were lately present, in the forest of Ardennes, they repaired to the famous village of St. Hubert. It may be recollected that the Duke of Richmond was regarded in Ireland as the protector of the Catholics, and an opportunity was afforded him of assisting in divine service; it was truly edifying to see the English who accompanied him, expend a considerable sum in chaplets, rings, horns, and other articles, which had touched the sacred relics of St. Hubert."

The Jockey Club has made a new arrangement for the Spring Meetings at Newmarket, by which they will take place a fortnight *later* respectively than in former years.

Fox-hunting.—It has been said of two celebrated Generals, that they never could have taken the long rides they did, or been the active commanders they were, had they not been natural-bred fox-hunters. This was the case with the late Lord Lake in India, and with the Duke of Wellington in Spain. With the latter, whenever the army moved its quarters, the hounds were on the right of the line.

Lord Derby's hounds met on Saturday, the 18th, at Tadworth Court, Walton Heath, Surrey; where a favourite deer was turned out, which took off in gallant stile. After the usual law, the hounds were thrown on, and run hard by Headley, to Mr. Bolton's, near Leatherhead, where they were for a short time stopped; being thrown on again, they ran him hard to Leatherhead town, back to a shaw near Mr. Lock's, where being hard pushed in breaking through one side, he leaped directly on one of the sportsmen's horse's back, and nearly upset him; taking over Leatherhead Common, Stoke Common, Claygate Common to Esher, over the Common to Walton, crossing the river, he ran near Sunbury, the back of Laleham, to the Bush, at Staines Bridge, where he was taken in a stream from the Thames, after a hard run of three hours, over the most heavy country of Surrey. It need not be observed a considerable number of the sportsmen were thrown completely out, and many obliged to leave their horses on the road.

The Derbyshire fox-hounds had a most capital run on Saturday, the 28th ult.; they met at Holly Bush, Needwood Forest, and found near Swilcar Lawn Oak, ten minutes before one o'clock, and run into and killed him in a most gallant style, in a field near Peakstone Rocks, ten minutes before four o'clock, the huntsman, Will Lawley (a true son of the veteran sportsman Sam Lawley), and the whipper-in, alone being present at the death. This remarkable chase, which extended upwards of twenty miles, was run without a check, and considering the weather and the

the state of the country, being nearly covered with snow, few can equal it in the annals of sporting.

MR. Harris's hounds, of Greysouthen, have the reputation of fully equalling any whatever. On the 3d ult. they fell in with a fox at Ribton Outfields, and, after a spirited chace of two hours and a half, killed him near Crosby, after running over an extent of ground supposed to exceed forty miles. On the 14th ult. they cast off at Dearham Bridge, and soon fell in with Reynard, who, after a good run, was bagged. On the same day another animal was killed in Pattinson's Gill by the same pack. —(*Carlisle Journal.*)

A FINE red buck was on Saturday, the 11th instant, turned out before the Epping Forest hounds in Chippenham fields, near Newmarket, which was taken in the fens, after a gallant run of nearly two hours; a numerous field of Cantabs were collected on this occasion.

THE Hatfield fox-hounds, Herts, have had this season several severe runs, and killed their fox in high style. Lady Salisbury still continues to ride with the most dashing sportsmen of the hunt, and is not unfrequently in at the death.

WORCESTER February Meeting, on Thursday, the 9th of February, attracted a considerable number of spectators, and produced some excellent sport. The Handicap Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 25gs. added, five subscribers, were run for by

Mr. F. Charlton's ch. h. Medlar 1 5 1
Mr. J. Coventry's b. g. Yorick 4 1 2
Lord Deerhurst's br. m. 3 3 3
Mr. Hornyold's b. g. Fisherman 5 2 5
Mr. T. Coventry's b. g. Witley 2 4 4

The match for 50gs. half a mile, between Mr. L. Charlton's b. g. Beau Joe, and Mr. Fitzherbert's b. g. Grog, was won by the former.

The Free Handicap of 5gs. each, five subscribers, with 25gs. added, once round the course, was won by Mr. Duncan's Prince Blucher beating Mr. Bissell's b. g. Larry, Mr. F. Charlton's b. g. and Mr. Mostyn's b. g. Enchanter.

A SPORTING race took place on Sunbury Common, on Thursday, the 23d instant, Mr. Haywood, of Billingsgate, having backed himself to ride his own horse on the trot fourteen miles and a half in one hour. Mr. Haywood rode at least sixteen stone, and the horse performed the distance handsomely in fifty-six minutes and four seconds.

A ROAN mare, the property of Mr. Chaste, at Paddington, trotted fourteen miles and a half in one minute less than an hour, on Monday, the 13th instant, on the Woodford-road, for a wager of 100 guineas.

THE innkeepers of Lewes have, for the example of others, resolved on lowering their charge for a feed of corn one-third, that is from 6d. to 4d.

LATELY was married at Wigan, Mr. Henry Askew, of Cannock, Staffordshire, to Miss Jane Podmore, of Nantwich; the bridegroom, a jockey of great celebrity, and although arrived at the age of 26 years,

26 years, only weighs 84lb. and the bride is of large stature; after taking a view of the adjacent counties, they returned to Cannock, where they were received by their neighbours with every demonstration of joy; indeed the whole town was assembled, and were much delighted with a view of the happy pair.

An accident occurred this month at the Rev. Mr. Marwood's, at Amport, Hants, the consequence of which was the loss of a valuable brood mare, then far gone in foal, and also that of a poney.—These animals were, together with several cows and other stock, in a farm yard. During the night a boar, which had been castrated a month before, and had remained very quietly in the stye, broke loose, and inflicted such severe wounds upon the mare, that she was found in the morning almost dead, her bowels having been ripped open and otherwise injured.—The poney received many gashes from the tusks of the boar, particularly in the joints of his hind legs, and he was so much wounded, that after lingering a few days it was found advisable to kill him.—What is remarkable, none of the other animals were in the least hurt.

On the 5th Dec. Mr. Jas. Part, of the Fleece, Astley Chapel, sent as a present by the carrier, to his friend in Warrington, a dog and a cat, tied up in a bag, who had been companions more than ten months. On the morning of the 9th December, the dog and the cat took their departure from Warrington together, and arrived in the evening at their old habitation (Mr. Part's), a distance of thirteen miles.—They were observed jogging through Culcleth, side by side. At Green Lane End, the dog gallantly defended his fellow traveller from the attack of another dog they met in the lane.

A few days ago, the following curious incident took place in Leonard's-street:——A tanner's large dog pursuing a cat, the cat leaped across a well, but the dog, in attempting it, fell in a depth of about thirty feet. A person, attracted to the spot by his howling, procured a rope, which he let down, and, as the night was dark, also lowered a lanthorn, to enable the animal to perceive the rope, which he did, and laid hold of the end with his teeth, and clung so firmly to it that he was pulled out of his disagreeable situation.—When fairly on the ground again, he expressed his gratitude to his deliverer by fawning round him, and with all the marks of old acquaintanceship.—(*Caledonian Paper.*)

On Sunday, the 22d ult. a most curious circumstance occurred at Foulsham, Norfolk:—A hare, which it is supposed had been pursued, made its way into the yard of Mr. Olley, of the Ship Inn, which being observed by the ostler and another person, was followed by them, when being closely stowed up of one corner, it made a spring up a lean to, and from thence to the roof of the house, when it rapidly descended to the Market-hill, a height of nearly thirty feet, and escaped unhurt.

On the 26th ult. an otter was shot upon the bank of the Soar, at Barrow, near Loughborough, which weighed about thirty pounds, and is considered to be the largest

that has latterly been met with in that part of the country.

New Method of destroying Moles.—The gardener of Henry Campion, Esq. at Malling, Kent, has lately destroyed great quantities of moles, in the following manner:—As soon as he perceived the earth raised by the animal, he discharged the contents of a fowling-piece into the mound, which in every instance proved fatal to the little engineer.

Monday, 23d ult. a water pheasant, a bird not very common, was shot by a man, named Goble, between the two Rises, near Lewes.

Mr. John Crowther, of Dungeness, killed seven wild swans lately at a single shot, out of eleven, that had settled on the beach.

During the late thaw, fourteen wild swans were shot in the neighbourhood of Rye, weighing from 13lb. to 24lb. each. Seven were brought down at a single shot. Their skins sold at good prices.

So extensive have been the agricultural improvements in Anglesey, by inclosing and draining, that snipes and wild ducks, formerly so plentiful in that part of the country, have this year totally disappeared.

A trout of the salmon species, commonly called the Fordwich Trout, was on Monday, the 6th inst. produced in Canterbury market, which measured from the snout to the tip of the tail nearly thirty inches.

Henry Harmer, of the Belcheronian school, is matched to fight Shelton, a navigator of formidable appearance, and much superior in weight.

Cruelty to Animals.—On Saturday, the 4th inst. a party of men and boys, accompanied by *two young women!* having *tail-piped* a dog for the *humane* purpose of making sport of its agonies and affright, the animal, in its progress through the road called Trereife-lane, passed a cart drawn by two horses, the driver of which (a young man) was sitting on the shafts. The horses, taking fright at the yellings of the mob, set off at full gallop, by which means the driver was thrown into the road, and one of the wheels passing over his head, fractured it in so dreadful a manner as to occasion instant death. The party coming up at the time, discovered that the lad was the *brother* of the two young women.

A letter from Nousard, in the department of Meurthe, states, that a trap having been lately laid for a furious wolf which infested the Commune, the beast fell into a deep fosse, and as the inhabitants rushed forward to kill him, a child fell into the fosse. The terror was general that the wolf would devour the unfortunate little one. The animal, however, was too much occupied with his own safety to do him any harm. A cord was thrown to the child—the wolf seized it with his teeth and claws, and effected his escape. The child was then taken out safe. g

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are under the necessity of repeating the request, that our Correspondents will make their communications post paid.

POETRY,

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONG.

BATTLER, HARK! HARK!

AURORA has harness'd the horses of light,
And smiles on the hills with a grace;
The hounds are unkennel'd, the bugles invite,
To partake of the joys of the chase.
Hark forward, old reynard has made for the field,
Since his earth is stopp'd up in the park;
Then away to the pleasures which hunting can yield,
And join in the chorus, hark! Rattler, hark, hark!
Then away, &c.

Ye lovers, let Venus for Dian give place,
And for once barter heaven for earth;
Then away from the sweets of each charmer's embrace,
Hark forward to pleasure and mirth.
Ye misers, no longer your spirits perplex,
Leave your gold in the mould'ring sack;
O'er some hedge, gate, or gap, break your d—d worthless necks,
Or else live to repent and set up a good pack.
O'er some hedge, &c.

Ye doctors, to cover hark forward with speed,
Leave your canes, lay your wigs on the shelves;
If ye don't deal in health to poor patients in need,
Ye may purchase some share for yourselves.

Ye grave politicians, whose learned debates,
Prove your intellects misty as night;
Who knows but a fall on your iron-bound pates,
Your brains may unravel and set them to right.
Who knows, &c.

Saddle Pegasus, Poets, and hither repair,
Elysian pleasures invite;
Quit Helicon's fountain and rivers so fair,
We'll regale you with Bacchus at night.
To Bachelors' Hall, ye fam'd aldermen crush,
Join the party and jovially drink;
'Stead of claret strong punch, well stirr'd round with the brush,
And a rich hunting pudding shall fill up each chink.
'Stead of claret, &c.

Let the soft Petit Maitre, with saddle bran new,
Bring his lap-dog to help in the chase,
Ride a mile round the ditches, which straight we pursue,
Or bewail a slight scratch on the face.
Then forward, hark forward, while Phœbus shines bright,
Thus music my lads only mark,
The hounds are unkennel'd, the bugles invite,
Join the chorus, hark! Rattler, hark! hark!

SIR CHAS. STAUNCH.

Tantivy Hall,
February 8, 1815.

YOUNG

YOUNG GREYHOUNDS PLAYING IN THE SNOW.

NO more our park-like fields display
The beauties of their summer day ;
No more the trees their foliage fling
Redundant o'er the crystal spring ;
No more, in rich Mosaic spread,
The spotted cowslip waves its head
O'er violets sweet of deepest blue,
And strawberry cups half-filled with dew ;
Nor, where the broom hangs o'er the rill,
Up springs the golden daffodil.
How different now the cherished scene !
Now the pale snow so pure, so sheen,
Cold winding sheet of nature, throws
Below, around, its sad repose ;
Swollen, dark and stained, and half congealed,
A sullen sound the waters yield ;
The stately elms damp, mossy, brown,
Rude skeletons of beauty, frown ;
And clouds by no bright sun-beam broke,
Seem one dull canopy of smoke.
If aught remain of loveliness,
Of summer's charm in winter's dress,
'Tis in those lightsome shrubberies seen,
Where the young fir's undying green
Peeps out the cumbering snow between ;
'Tis in those laurels bright and bare,
Shaking their stainless load in air ;
'Tis in those shining hollies found,
With coral berries studded round ;
And those proud oaks, upon whose breast
The saffron-leaves still love to rest.
And there is something too of brightness
In that smooth plain's unsullied whiteness,
That tires the eye, yet soothes the soul
With its unstain'd, unbroken whole.
Level no more! The jetty pair,
The lightest things of earth or air,'
My playful pets, are bounding there.
Oh! how on that white plain we trace
Each coal-black greyhound's form of grace ;
Now wantoning in speed and strength—
Now stretching out their lazy length—
Now the wide-circling race renewing—
Now in close narrowing round pursuing—
Now bounding over bush and briar
With aimless glee—now leaping higher,
Hoping and half-succeeding oft
To catch the birds that soar aloft—
Now bending the long neck, the head
Deep-plunging in the glittering bed ;
Then with quick jerk withdrawn, to throw
On all around the flaky snow—
Now leaning o'er the brook, with eye
That longs across its breast to fly,
And paw that pats the freezing rill
To try if it be water still ;
Then rushing to their Mistress' feet,
With fond caress her smile to meet.
Aye, and she better loves to stand,
And pay those sports with flattering hand,
Than, 'mid the courser's brilliant field,
To share the joys your triumphs yield :
For Woman must be Woman still,
And grieve to scare, and hate to kill.
But for these antic feats she'll deck
With fragrant wreaths each glossy neck :
MAY-FLY, for thee, most delicate creature,
Of lighest form and gentlest feature,
Congenial flowers, the lily fair,
And woodland bells that shun the air,
Shall form a garland passing rare.
And, my own MOSS-TROOPER, for thee,
So wild, so bold, so full of glee,
The reddest rose, the gayest flower
That suns itself in woodbine bower,
The flaunting pea, the listus light,
Shall hang around thy neck so bright,
A rainbow on the brow of night.

LINES TO A SPARROW,

Who comes to my Window every Morning for his Breakfast.

MASTER DICKY, my dear,
You have nothing to fear,
Your proceedings I mean not to check, Sir ;
Whilst the weather benumbs,
We should pick up our crumbs,
So, I prithee, make free with a *Peck*, Sir.

I'm afraid it's too plain
You're a villain in grain,
But in that you resemble your neighbours ;
For mankind have agreed
It is right to *suck seed*,
Then, like you, hop the twig with their labours.

Besides this, Master Dick,
You of Trade have the trick,
In all *Branches* you traffic at will, Sir,
You have no need of shops
For your samples of hops,
And can ev'ry day take up your *Bill*, Sir.

Then

Then in foreign affairs
You may give yourself airs,
For I've heard it reported at home, Sir,
That you're on the best terms,
With the Diet of Worms,
And have often been tempted to *Rome*, Sir.

Thus, you feather your nest
In the way you like best,
And live high without fear of mishap, Sir;
You are fond of your *Grub*,
And have a taste for *some Shrub*,
And for *Gin*—there you understand *Trap*, Sir.

Tho' the rivers won't flow,
In the frost and the snow,
And for fish other folks vainly try, Sir;
Yet you'll have a treat,
For, in cold or in heat,
You can still take a *Perch* with a *Fly*, Sir.

In love, too, oh Dick,
(Tho' you oft when love-sick
On the course of good-breeding may trample;
And though often henpeck'd,
Yet) you scorn to neglect
To set all Mankind an *Eggsample*.

Your opinions, 'tis true,
Are flighty a few,
But at this I, for one, will not grumble;
So—your breakfast you've got,
And you're off like a shot,
Dear Dicky, your humble cum tumble.

January, 1815.

HOBB AND FLINT; OR, THE PIGS AND THE POINTERS!

A true Tale.

JOHN Flint, a keeper, once of fame,
Returning home with loads of game,
Being hungry, wet, and sorely dry,
Met Hobb close by his own pig-sty;
And as the pigs began to squeak,
John, in his upper works but weak,
Accosts the clown with fear and dread;
And thus unto the gawky said:
"Oh, Hobb, I doubt; I fear, old Hobb,
We here shall have a dreadful job;
See, how the swine begin to lower,
Do Hobb, be pleas'd to shut the door;
Pray farmer, fasten up your hogs,
Lest they should eat my master's dogs;
For if they should, it would to me,
A most disastrous mischief be."
Hobb heard the keeper's woeful tale,
Which did on him at last prevail;
To shut the pig-sty's door he ran;
Then thus address'd the tim'rous man:
"Odds fish! Friend Flint, 'tis mighty queer!
My *hogs* should *eat* your dogs, I swear.
The fear's not yours—it may be mine;
Lest your *great dogs* should eat my *swine*.

QUIZ.

York, Feb. 16, 1815.

SONG.

(Tune, " MRS. CLARKE.")

THE spruce Mr. Spade,
Was a sexton by trade,
And clerk of the parish also;
My poor feeble pen
Can't describe his "Amen,"
'Twas so full of devotion and woe.

Mr. Spade had a wife,
Not the joy of his life,
And he thought his home worse than a hovel;
For if poor Mr. *Spade*
A cross syllable said,
She knock'd her spouse down with the *shovel*:

Though sometimes his wrongs
Made him take up the *tongs*,
Which, alas! was too sure to provoke her;
For with shovel in right hand,
To make a better stand,
In her left she would catch up the *poker*.

Such a concert as this,
Did not teem with much bliss,
Though such music was oft known to rattle;
But poor Spade mostly fled,
And slipp'd into bed,
For he lov'd not the blows of a battle.

And oft he would say,
He that fights and runs away,
May live to give battle to-morrow;
But he that once is slain,
Can never fight again;—
Yet this, says he, shall ne'er give me sorrow.

One day came a youth,
With a maiden full of truth;
Quite gaily he led his sweet lass on,

And

And they begg'd of the clerk,
That before it was dark,
He would shew them the way to the parson.

"For we wish to be wed,"
Thus the gentle youth said;
Said Spade, "O'er Styx I'd rather be ferried,
And if I might advise,
As happiness you prize,
You both had much better be buried."

J. M. LACEY.

JANUARY.

WHEN the wind bleakly blows,
When it rains, or it snows,
And all nature seems freezing and shiv'ring with cold;
When the herds seek the shed,
When the birds droop the head,
And the flocks chill and cheerless, crowd into the fold;

Then—in love what a charm!
Then—true friendship how warm!
In domestic endearments what exquisite bliss!!
While the fire briskly burns,
And the circle by turns
Receive the ecstatic, affectionate kiss!

Or around the gay bowl,
In a sweet flow of soul,
Where wit, sparkling wit, and good humour unite,
Though the wind bleakly blows,
Though it rains, or it snows,
This, this, is the season of social delight.

SONGS,

Sung in a new Farce produced this month at Covent-Garden Theatre, called BROTHER AND SISTER.

SONG—*Mr. Fawcett.*

GIVE me the dear little creatures,
Be they brown, freckled, or fair,
It isn't the form, or the features
That alone gives of beauty the air.
Only let the eye speak,
Smiles dimple the cheek,
And the tongue prattle good humour's law;
A manner bewitching,
And softness enriching,
O! beauty is—Je ne scai quoi!

When young, I was always gallanting,
Girls simper'd wherever I came;
Coquetting, and ogling, and flaunting,
To trap me was ever their aim.
But a maxim with me,
Was still to be free,
For married folks oft clapper-claw!
Sweetly courtship is carried,
But when they are married,
They fight for the—Je ne scai quoi.

But, bachelors, most people scout 'em,
For women are sweet'ners of life;
And as happy I can't live without 'em,
I've a month's mind to get me a wife.
Yet tho' grey is my head,
If ever I wed,
I'll have a tit-bit by the law;
But if I've a chicken,
Won't foxes come picking,
And I feel very—Je ne scai quoi.

SONG—*Mr. Duruset*.

Lovely, but unloving creature!
Form'd from nature's rules apart;
Heaven surely lent thy feature,
Earth, mere earth, composed thy heart.
On thine eyes, and lips, in brightness,
Love and mercy seem to dwell;
But thy bosom's veil of whiteness,
Hides a cold and rayless cell.
So the sculptur'd queen of beauty,
Gleams at shrines divinely fair;
Young enthusiasts kneel in duty,
Stone and silence mock their prayer!

ECHO SONG—*Miss Stephens.*

What airy sound, floats sweetly round!
Some spirit seems to play!
How did that note, on æther float,
And steal my soul away!
Still, still I hear the changeful strain—
It mocks it echoes me again!
Is't fairy ground?
Are spirits round?
Still, still I hear the changeful strain—
It mocks, it echoes me again!

ON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSIC'S a crotchet the sober think vain;
The fiddle's a wooden projection;
Tunes are but flirts of a whimsical brain,
Which the bottle brings best to perfection:
Musicians half-witted are, merry and mad;
The same are all those that admire 'em;
They're fools if they play, unless they're well paid,
And the others are blockheads to hire 'em.